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'AVATAR' OF 1949

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The cartoonist visualizes the advent of the New Year in terms of Nataraja's dance. The crescent on Shiv's head represents the new hope for Free India. The Ganges on His crown is the symbol of plenty. The Nag represents evil spirits like inflation and other social ills which have been exorcised and made to attune to the march of the free people. The 'Dumroo' on His hand drums out illiteracy and drums in wisdom. The fire on the other hand is the symbol of truth. It destroys the evil and gives life to the good. By one foot, He stamps out the demon whose spirit is writ large today in communal fratricide and provincial distemper. His uplifted hand with its 'ABHAYA MUDRA' symbolises the message of liberation. To thousands of worshippers He proclaims "Serve me to Liberate you."

'ASTRO-LOAFER' PREDICTS FOR NEW YEAR

(SEE PAGE 3)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

(4th INSTALMENT)

By Vincent Cornier.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Thorroldan Priory, a grim old house at the edge of the Yorkshire moors is the centre of some grim and baffling mystery. A hound howls—a stranger arrives. This man, Magerison, takes up his quarters in the place. He has some hold over Thorrold the master of the Priory, and tells Dorothy Thorrold, the old man's granddaughter, that he intends to make her his wife. He shows that John Barnaby, a youth of twenty, who has been kept as a sort of slave in the place by Ben Igod, Thorrold's confidential servant, and Thorrold himself is actually Dorothy's brother and the next heir! Thorrold is forced to admit this.

Looking for the hound that howls, "Barnaby" is shot at and wounded in the shoulder—by a diamond! This was fired from Hound's Pasture, from which Magerison has recently brought a dead wild duck. This duck seems to cause old Thorrold some mysterious fear. Dorothy Thorrold and Magerison, in the study talk things over. Magerison shows her that the crop of that duck was filled with gems! These come, it is supposed, from a hidden store of treasure, hidden near the house by monks. While they talk, a hand strikes at Magerison and knocks him unconscious. The jewels are scattered far and wide.

CHAPTER X

A Confession and a Promise

As Magerison's senses had left him, so they returned, in a flash. His was a tough and resilient body and being in perfect health, little short of a fracture of the skull would have kept him oblivious for long. Consciousness returned—sweetly.

Dorothy Thorrold, dissimilation vanished before fear and anxiety, was kneeling beside him resting his bruised head against her breast. Her arms were about him and unshed tears glistened in her frightened eyes.

"My dear—oh, my dearest!" She crooned the all confessing words, not knowing that Magerison could hear.

He stirred and smiled wanly up at her.

"If I say, 'thank you for those words'." the man was amazing in his calculating mood of banter, "you'll jump up, call me 'beast', and—bonk—my poor old nut will biff the floor and —I'll take the count for ten again!"

The bewildering succession of expressions across her beautiful face was a wonderful thing. Astonishment, confusion, resentment, dull anger and affronted pride—all these; then, a great gentleness and a look of peace, a tiny wavering smile.

Basil Magerison slowly curved his arms above him and about her. Just as slowly her head bent down to him and her eyes were closed so that he should not see all the wonder of the grave content within them.

He kissed her....

Not a word was spoken. He got up, staggered a little, and felt the pain flying back to the confusion on his temple.

"Gad", he muttered, "what a—a fool! Dorothy, Dorothy, darling, can you—forgive me?"

Her face grew rose-hued: "For—for what you have—"

"Silly little thing", his laugh was exultant: a wide glad sound. "What—forgive you for—for that? No, you young pirate, you've captured the bold frigate of Basil Magerison, and he calls a full surrender, darling—no!" He watched her and was subdued a moment. "No, what I ask forgiveness for is—is letting that scoundrel get the gems. Another couple of thousands in his treasury? My Lord, we'll have to fight now? Tell me, what did you see? What happened?"

She saw that his line of reasoning was sound. No ill-timed love making; just that one kiss, that pledge. And here he stood before her, eager to battle further and more strongly by reason of it all.

"A—a dark shape it seemed" she haltingly told, "grew up; I cannot describe it otherwise—grew up behind you. You know the story of the hound and the monk—how a ghastly hound is supposed to howl three times before a Thorrold dies; now the monk follows it into the house and "calls" the victim it has chosen?" Gravely he nodded his head, as though he were listening to something too pregnant with truth to be scoffed at or denied. "Well, it—it looked just—just like that!"

"Like the monk?"

"Like the monk that John Barna—John my brother, saw—yes!"

His whimsicality got the better of him.

"Oh, you queer child! You believe that yarn; body and soul and hair and hide of it—you queer child! Surely you are not suggesting that—that a phantom—this grisly monk, biffed me?"

"It—it looked like that!"

"Damn it all—pardon—hang it. I tell you it didn't feel like a ghost! Besides what's the thing done with the jewels?"

Dorothy sat down and clenched her hands.

"Basil—I—I wish you wouldn't treat it all so flippantly—for my sake, dear." He moved toward her, instantly, but she waved him back. "Please, don't—not now," she began to smile again, "because I'm weak enough to—to tell you are dear—don't."

"Promise!" he held up his right hand. "I'll be like a jolly old family lawyer if that'll please your ladyship."

"Oh, it will! I do so rely on you now, my man. I tell you—that awful thing rose up from behind you and—and its am lifted once and struck—that was all. You fell—I rushed forward—and it was gone, like—like a shadow."

"Aye—through the door when you were too distracted to notice."

"No, it couldn't have done that!" Her voice rang with conviction. "You've told me and I know it, now, to be true, that my grandfather has gone in dread and fear for his life for years; the door of this study has special locks: when you closed it as we entered. it automatically was bolted behind us! It can only be opened from the inside now. Even Igod has not been told the secret."

Magerison looked dumbfounded. He thought things out. Then—

"But I—I say, what an amazing state of—of affairs. Here tell me this—if—if you or your grandfather were to ring for Igod—I suppose you do ring?" She nodded. "Well, you ring for Igod how does he enter the room? Surely you don't get up and open the door for your own servant, or servants, as the case may be?"

Dorothy Thorrold again nodded her head.

"I'll show you," she answered. "Go over to the door"—he noticed that she moved toward the fireplace—"and try to open it."

He took hold of the knob, twisted it and pulled. The oaken thing remained as immovable as a steel plate bolted into stanchions. Then, Dorothy Thorrold touched a point in the woodwork of the fireplace's mantel. Immediately the door opened.

"A secret spring you see," she explained. "I realise now why my grandfather went to such lengths."

"My—my gad! I—I say; I never heard of such a—".

"A moment, Basil. Just to get this thing clearly fixed in mind—let me tell you the windows are equally as invulnerable."

"What—you don't mean to say that secret springs work them, too?"

"No," she returned, "I don't! But the frame is of heavy copper and, top and bottom, that copper is socketed into lead; it's torrid here in summer; not a breath of air."

"Well, I—go—to—".

"Sh-h-h! You'll do no such thing, cross-patch!" She came over to him, invitation in her every movement. His arms were about her and she rested within them. "You'll neither curse nor swear, Basil; you'll just help—help your woman to get the better of whatever threatens her household—and those she holds dear within it."

"Dorothy Thorrold, you are a very great and very wonderful girl," said Basil Magerison, and awe was in his eyes.

She looked up at him and smiled.

"Promise?" she questioned.

His promise was made silently, but was entirely convincing.

CHAPTER XI.

The Ghost-Monk Threatens.

"Then how the devil did the fellow get clear away, Dorothy?" Magerison asked bewildered his arm still about the girl. "Not from the window; not out of the door—the chimney? No, you had your back to it. He—he didn't pass you?"

"Oh, Basil, how tiresome you are! Haven't I told you that he simply—well, materialised, struck you, and—faded away."

"Like an old soldier, eh?" Magerison grinned. "No, it won't go down, old girl. I never yet believed in spooks. I'm not going to begin now. Besides that gentleman will have to answer for knocking me across the head—a phantom to punch won't give me any satisfaction" Suddenly he swivelled about and made for an air-switch. The Priory was lighted by acetylene gas and only one tiny amber shaded jet was lighted. Magerison swung each knob about and a white glare lit up every corner of the wide chamber. "That's better," he murmured. "Now to look for spoor, what?".

Slowly he circled the table. Nothing was to be seen. Then the walls—panelled by golden oak they provided, at least, an avenue for investigation—a secret panel maybe.

He sounded every inch of woodwork. Not a hollow note was apparent: the wood was solidly flattened on heavy stone. The ceiling was an ancient parget of solid plaster: the floor, why that was of gnarled teak that looked with all its bronze rivets as though taken from some olden wreck—it was at least three centuries old and, in all probability, a foot in thickness. Magerison grew pale and twittery with the fear and amazement of it all.

"There's only the—the chimney left," he was very quiet: his voice was strained and his hands trembled. "If—if that should fail us Dorothy, God above knows what I—I'll have to believe!"

"In—in the monk. It'll come to that." Dorothy Thorrold's voice was flat and colourless, as if despairing, "I believe in it—so does my—grandfather and Igod. It's certainly a—a ghost Basil."

"Hanged if I'll have—at." Magerison's voice was tragely intoned. "I—I'll not bow down in the physical be—ared 'if I will."

His searching gaze as caught by a leather bound box containing a strange mixture.

"Sulphur?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes." Dorothy Thorrold looked puzzled but uninterested otherwise. "A mixture of flowers of sulphur and incense: we heat it in a hot spoon to smoke the pages of old books if we—we find one with—er—creepers in it; you know these old houses."

"Yes; and an old dodge." Magerison nodded and his face was drawn with excitement. He picked up the box and walked over to the fireplace. "Just the very thing," he chuckled grimly. "If that devil's up the chimney by any chance he'll soon come down!"

And he flung the mixture on the blazing logs.

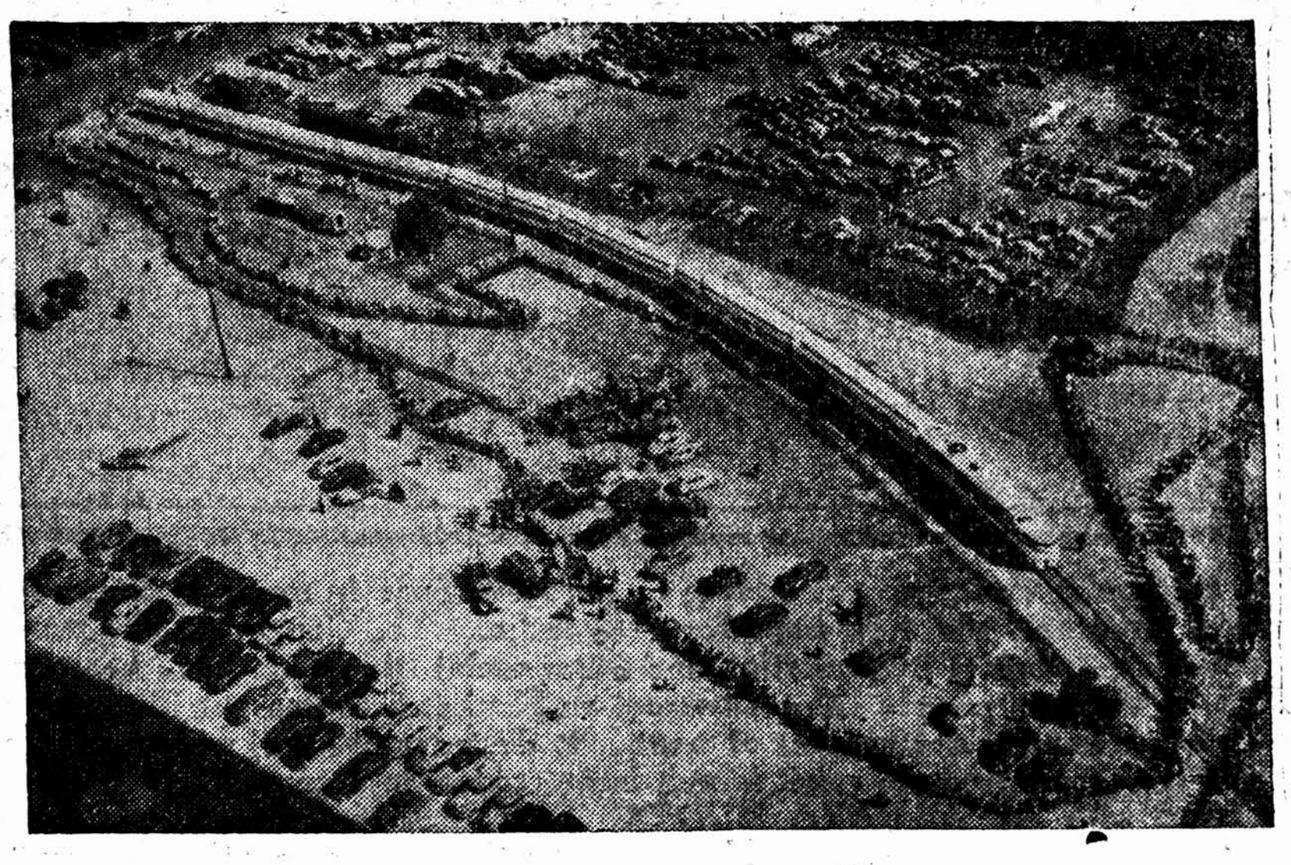
A pungent cloud flew up from off a gout of sparkling blue flame and belched its way up the wide chimney. Yet, no sound was heard; nothing followed. The sulphur curled out into the study and made the pair cough. Nothing else occurred.

"I could have saved you the trouble." Dorothy Thorrold smiled. "I forgot to tell you that at least fifteen iron bars are stretched across the chimney at its base. No, my grandfather left nothing to chance" her long were still hopeless and dull—"a cat could not fall down that chimney without being held by them!"

Magerison turned about and lost his nerve for the first time in his life. His face beaded. Red lines came about his eyes and the crispness went from his hair.

"Good Heaven's, girl—Dorothy, tell

(Continued on Page 19)



Thousands of citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, stand in a long line to wait their turn to enter the seven-car Freedom Train, in which is displayed a priceless collection of historical documents which gave birth to the independence of the United States and its system ofdemocratic government. The train on its year's tour of the country is visiting principal cities and towns to give all citizens an opportunity of viewing the collection. Among documents displayed are the Mayflower Compact, a draft of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's copy of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Emancipation Proclamation.

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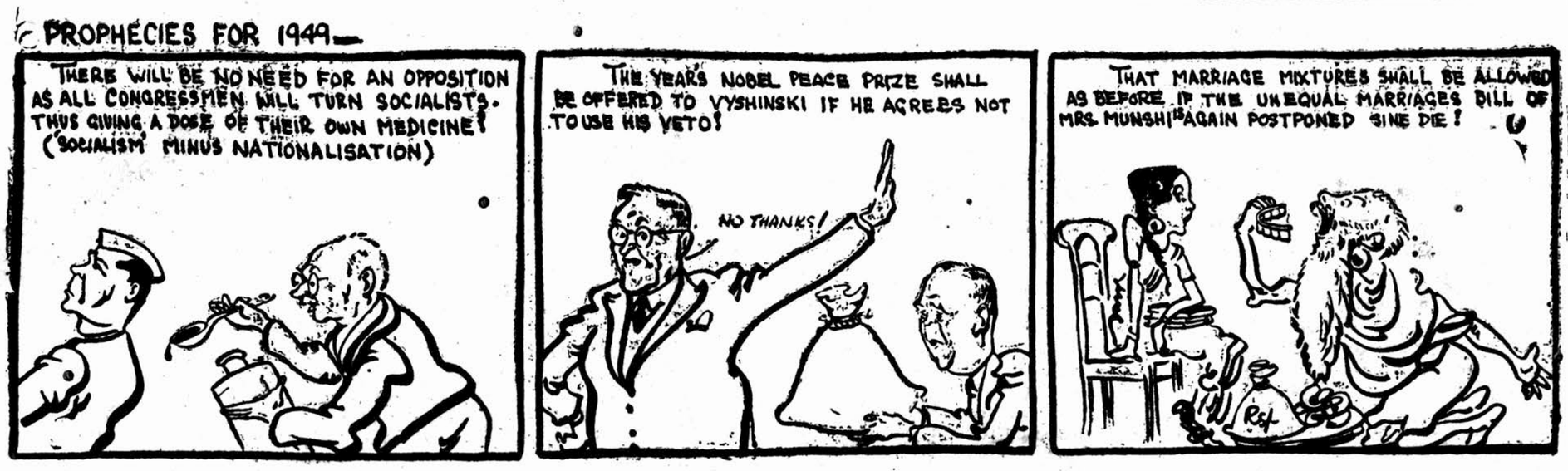
PROPHECIES FOR 1949—


THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR AN OPPOSITION AS ALL CONGRESSMEN WILL TURN SOCIALISTS. THUS GIVING A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! ('SOCIALISM' MINUS NATIONALISATION)
THE YEAR'S NOBEL PEACE PRIZE SHALL BE OFFERED TO VYSHINSKI IF HE AGREES NOT TO USE HIS VETO!
NO THANKS!
THAT MARRIAGE MIXTURES SHALL BE ALLOWED AS BEFORE IF THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGES BILL OF MRS. MUNSHI IS AGAIN POSTPONED SINE DIE!
Rs4

Descending From Himalayas Heights

JOSHIMAHARAJ JOOTHABHAI LABAADDAS READS WORLD'S HOROSCOPE

JOSHI MAHARAJ JOOTHABHAI LABAADDAS OF HIMALAYAN FAME IS WELL KNOWN TO READERS OF THE "BOMBAY CHRONICLE" HIS ANNUAL FORECASTS HAVE PROVED INTERESTING TO THEM. SEEING THE PLIGHT OF THE WORLD WHEN POWERS ARE RUSHING HEADLONG TOWARDS THE ABYSS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HE H S CONDESCENDED TO SEND BAC. HIS CHELA, ON ' TERRA FIRMA" AFTER SOME SILENCE, TO WARN THE RICH AND POOR ALIKE OF THE DANGER, AND ALSO TO REGALE THEM & GIVE A FORE-TASTE OF EVENTS, MANY OF WHICH ARE CASTING THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM. HE IS CRITICISING ONE AND ALL, PRINCE AND PAUPER ALIKE AND "HE MUST BE HEARD". SO JUST READ WHAT THIS FATEFUL YEAR OF 1949 MEANS TO YOU ALL! TAKE HIM WITH A PINCH OF SALT —OF THE DANDI VARIETY. LAUGH IT OUT FOR HE IS NOT AN ASTROLOGER—BUT AN ASTRO-LOAFER. PLANETS RULE YOU, BUT HE RULES THE PLANETS. EXCEPT OF COURSE HIS OWN! SO HE WISELY DOES NOT PREDICT FOR HIMSELF.

Lo, the greatest astrologer of modern times. Joothabhai Labaadas, has condescended to make his chela descend on 'terra firma" from the snow-clad tops of Himalaya to give his 'darshan', after many many years' lapse!

Do you know the reason why? Well, just listen. You must all be rembering the beautiful words of Lord Shri Krishna spoken to Arjuna:—

"Yada yada hi dharamsiya glanirbhavati Baharta, abyuthanam adhrmasya, Paritranaya sadhunam vinashayacha Dushkritani sambhayamiyuge yuge" meaning, in plain English Whenever dharma (rigteousness) suffers eclipse (or destruction), O Bharata! and there is upsurge of adharma (evil)—for the protection of the good and destruction of the evildoers I incarnate myself from age to age"

So seeing adharma all around, and Mahatma's dream of Ram Rajya receding into background (rather going underground like some R.S.S. walas) and the fear of World War II just round Tottenham corner of the Race for World Power, this chela will be among the mortals for a brief stay advising one and all what to do what not, and what they can expect in the fateful year of 1949. His prophecy and sympathy will not be confined to India, but to the world at large. So listen, ye mortals!

ENGLAND: "Scrutator" wrote in "Sunday Times" eleven years ago: "Old electioneers tell us that the third year of a Government is the time when serious discontent shows. The enthusiasm of victory carried it through the first year and the fulfilling of actual promise through the second, but by the third year the malady which will be fatal shows itself". The present labour Government in 1949 being in its fourth year will show no sign of sinister malady, though it will be affected by neurasthena neuralgia, migraine hemoplegia, and thanks to the shocking tactics employed by Churchills, Edens and others? Labour caravanserai will be grandly passing though the dogs will be barking and howling and prowling and they wil be giving continuous headache to Attlee and his conferers.

"ACHIEVEMENTS' OF U. N. O.

UNITED NATIONS ORGANISATION, alias U.N.O. YOU KNOW. dear readers, what sort of organisation it has so far proved itself to be. This is a very critical year in its career. Unless it takes continuous doses of tonic in the shape of Courage Cordial, Tinctures of Truthfulness and Justice Sarsaparilla that will rid its whole system of foul poison of Racial Prejudice and Vested Interests all its energies will go waste and west. Even before the old sores of Kashmir and Hyderabad will be attempted to be healed by it, new ones of very malignant type will appear, causing it severe headache and no aspirin of evasion nor saridon or nervindon of self-satisfaction will help it tide over crises. It should better drop its short name of U.N. which stands for NOT. Does is not betoken unreality, unjustifiableness, inequities etc? What a strange coincidence in the office as its Secretary-General at its head from the very start has been one whom the world knows as LIE, and Dr. Spaack did not sparkle with truth, justice and equity either. But stars are such that it won't hear the advice of well-wishers, like this humble chela, and continue to tread its old path, much to the agony of our wearied world. Critics will be very severe, and some will call its Good Offices Committee a 'Gold Office Committee'. It will send more Commissions on the spot in all parts of Asia and Africa, particularly the Far East, as witness the Indonesia cauldron. Most of the members of U.N honest as they are, are victim of a system with wrong foundation. They will get fed up and honestly Shakespear like, exclaim: "The time is out of joint. Oh cursed strife that ever we were born to set it right.

L. OF N. & U.N.O., SIAMESE TWINS

Anyhow stars show U.N. will keep up the show (as Westerns in the face of heavy odds are generally capable of) though critics will say it is on its last legs and only Uncle Sam (with the prop of British Bulldog) is trying to keep it alive by dollar gas. But its death will not be officially announced (as in the case of its predecessor, the League of Nations) sarcastically called League of Notions' for a couple of yeafs. A journalist scrige captioned the news of the death of the L. of N. as "League of Nations dead —R.I.P." The same scribe will write at the fag end of this year, that when the news of the death of U.N. will be officially announced he will caption it similarly adding "R.I.P.', only he will explain that in this case it means "Rust in Piece"!

May Heaven guide its Light! This chela has every sympathy for U.N. Though he knows how unpopular it has become (and will be more so this year unfortunately) will be judged from the caustic comment of a politician made in connection with U.N.'s refusal of admission to Israeli: "We have just miraculously escaped the situation in which we would have stuck our healthy head into infected bed."

To cut the matter short disregarding the fate of U.N.O. it may be said in a truly Joothabhai way THERE WILL BE NO WORLD WAR—at least this year! If one persists in breaking out, wel then, the horoscope of the world must not be correct! —(The same old excuse of astrologers, mind you!)

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

One of the most sensational news that will be flashed in the latter half of this year will be concerning Princess Elizabeth, the most beloved of the British nation. It will hit the headlines and make many hoary heads scratch their bald plates whether to believe it or not. It will say that Princess Elizabeth will give a very good present the most ideal X'mas present to her spouse the Duke of Edinburg in December this year Have you guessed it?No? Well let me tell you: she is expecting another baby in that month. Of course gassips will be busy telling it will be a bony baby (royal babies can't afford to be otherwise nature must make them bonny of course). The Prince of Edinburgh when approached will neither deny nor confirm it which will lend weight to the rumour. Opinion will be equally divided again whether the baby if and when shedding the lustre of its cherubic face in the royal palace will be a boy or a girl. Same will say the Princess this time really desires a girl, and that the Duke Saheb a boy again! Well Joothabhai's chela wishes neither to deny nor confirm it. He supports the Prince in his attitude (though readers will call my reading like that of the Delphian Oracle). You make your judgement whether or not it is possible. And mind you, the news of this supposedly happy event will come not from Britain but strange as it may see from Uncle Sam's Land! But remember Uncle Sam is not always a hustler and long-bow-drawer. The news of Simpson-Edward (alias Windsor) romance was first featured in Yankee journals.

The British press, this month, will be creating sensation by publishing a lullaby captioned "Lullaby of Prince Charles" modelled after Sir W. Scott's "Lullaby of an Infant Chief" It will be sent by a journalist which will not only be liked by the Press but also by Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip. It will be featured by all. and run as under:

LULLABY OF PRINCE CHARLES

1. Oh, hush thee, my baby! thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a princess both lovely and bright;
The lands and the mains from the palace which we see
They all are belongnig, dear baby, to thee.
2. Oh, fear not the bustle, though loudly it grows!
It calls but the matrons that guard thy repose.
Their knees would be bended, their hands would they fold
Era the shadow of fear draws near to thy bed.
3. Oh, hush thee, my baby! the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trample and hum;
Then hush thee, my darling! take rest while you may.
For Crown comes with manhood, and waking with day.

The royal couple will like it not particularly for the language but the sentiments expressed therein, particularly about the Crown, as Prince Charles is second in line of succession to the British throne. Prince Philip will once more visit the London papers' offices and see for himself the Lullaby appear on the front page of most of the dailies with the photo of the Prince, the royal cradle and the nurse lilting it. It will be the rage of all Britain. The royal couple will extend an invitation to the scribe to visit the palace and lilt for himself at least once which he will politely refuse to acept with many thanks.

MATRIMONIAL MARKET AND DIVORCE

In these days of inflation which hits a person's belly as hard as his purse, there will be crops of divorce cases, throughout the length and breadth of the world, which will take the breath of old fogeys away, who will all cry "Haye Jamana, eh kya ho raha hae", "Ram, Ram, aa badhoo shoo thai rahyuchhe", and many will write learned disquisitions on the sanctity of marriage vow, that married partners are not to be changed so lightly like dirty linen etc. But married muzzled men and henpecked hubbies as well as wagging-tongued women will try to seek other partners hoping for better luck. Critics will point out that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, that it is al-

(Continued On Page 26)

THE R.S.S. SHALL STOP PLAYING "HU-TU-TU" WITH OUR GOVERNMENT.
WINSTON CHURCHILL WILL STOP BITING ATTLEE OVER EVERY TRIFLING MATTER.
BY THE END OF THE YEAR UN. KASHMIR COM. SHALL FALL IN LOVE WITH LIAQAT ALI KHAN WITHOUT BREAKING NEHRU'S HEART!

Customs of each nation vary widely enough: but strangely enough, there seems to be something unique in almost all nations when they celebrate with enthusiasm

THE HERALD OF A NEW YEAR

NO custom is universal than that of greeting the New Year with *joy and festivity;* is common to the most highly civilized and the most backward peoples on earth; and as far back in the history of the world as can be traced men have been delighted to have the opportunity of making a fresh start. Even the Old World Empires provide evidence of this, and from time immemorial it has been the custom to forget old wrongs and to renew friendships on New Year's Day.

A Venerable Custom

In Britain many quaint customs still linger on, and one of the most delightful is that of "first footing." Those "first footed" are often brought red wine and shortbread, the drinking and eating of which ensure good luck in the coming year. At one time dark men were much in demand for the carrying out of this venerable custom, as it was believed they were better able to bring about a prosperous New Year than any other.

At midnight on Old Year's Eve these men began their rounds. Each man entered a house without a word, and went to the fire, replenishing it with wood of his own bringing. Not a word was spoken until the visitor, who was the first to cross the threshold after the birth of the New Year, had partaken of wine and cake. Then he wished the household good luck. It is thought this custom has come down from pagan days.

Formerly in Scotland the festivities were of such an exuberant nature that the New Year season was known as the "Daft Days." The name may be less deserved now, but plenty of fun and jollity remain. One of the country's curious old customs which has probably descended from pagan days, when fires were lit to greet the New Year, is that of "burning out the Old Year." It is always observed in normal times at Biggar in the Lanarkshire uplands. Bonfires are lit near the Mercat Cross and on the surrounding hills at nine o'clock in the evening, and they remain alight till New Year's Day. Care is taken, too, to keep household fires burning through the night, as it is considered unlucky to light one on New Year's Day. If a household fire goes out during the night, the housewife rekindles it from the still glowing embers of the public bonfire.

Of The Middle Ages

The custom of the "Wassail Bowl lingers on both in the south and the north, and at one time it was a national institution, being found everywhere from the Court downwards For during the Middle Ages, a flagon of ale, warmed and spiced and sweetened and containing rosemary and pieces of toast, was an invariable feature of the New Year celebrations. The children would march round the streets, bearing a bowl decorated with evergreens, into which coppers were dropped while they sang a very old song, part of its chorus running:

Love and joy come to you,
And God send you a Happy New Year

Undoubtedly one of the most robust welcomes to the New Year is given by the inhabitants of Orkney, where every New Year's Day a terrific footfall struggle is fought out. The men at Kirkwall, the capital, divide into two sides, the men living "down town" battling out the contest with those living at the "harbour end." The contest wages fiercely, scores of men on each side endeavouring to secure the football. At last the ball is hurled into the harbour, and is duly recovered by one player, who thereby wins the ball itself and covers himself with glory.

Outside Britain the New Year is greeted with just as much boisterous fun, and in many cases with more official ceremony. Normally in France, for instance, the President makes a State visit to the houses of the Prime Minister and the President of the Senate, and there is a traditional Cabinet meeting—round the luncheon table of the President at the Elysee; while the police band generally awakens the Prefect of Police with a serenade. The day is marked by a flood of present giving, and the central markets sell over 10,000 baskets of flowers, which are bought for gifts. New Year's morning begins at an early hour with the interchange of visits and bon-bons, relations being visited first, then friends and acquaintances.

Under Russian Regime

At one time Russia gave the New Year the warmest of greetings, but under the new regime many of the old-time observances died out, but now they show a tendency to revive. A cannonade of 100 shots used to mark the birth of the New Year at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). The Russian peasant still retains many of his primitive beliefs, one being that on New Year's Eve the the spirits come from the other world revealing the future to their friends on earth. The people of Norway and Sweden continue to welcome the New Year with old-time jollity. There the year is ushered in by the discharging of firearms. The countryside is covered with snow, and winter sports are the rule of the day. Visits are paid by sledge, horses adorned with tinkling bells travelling over the white mantle at rapid pace, the whole scene charmingly picturesque

There, as in Italy, the revels are kept up for about a week. All the nations of Southern Europe are eloquent in their greetings to the New Year, the welcome being even more vociferous than out own, for the northern people are more reserved. Some of the most attractive sights in this part of the world can be witnessed from the harbour of Funchal.

(Continued On Page 25)

Horoscope Reading Of Prince Charles

(BY HYLENE PAUL)

Exclusive To The "Bombay Chronicle Weekly"

The author is one of America's best-known astrologists, a consultant to business and political leaders, whose forecasts have proved remarkably true-notably one drawn of Josef Stalin for "Life" magazine two years ago which anticipated most of the current and recent Soviet crises. She was among the few who forecast President Truman's election victory.

The first son of Princess Elizabeth was born Nov. 14 1948, at 9-14 p. m. London time. This gives the heir to Britain's throne what is known astrologically as the sun in Scorpio, with Leo ascending-which means in plain English that here we have two decidedly contradictory qualities.

The sun in Scorpio contributes an extraordinarily strong will and an insatiable desire to know and penetrate everything and find its construction and principle. It makes one reserved, tenacious, determined, secretive, with a quick, keen, shrewd, critical mentality. It also inclines one to be suspicious and skeptical and stingingly sarcastic

Sun

Quick-witted, quick in speech and action, such individuals are alert, forceful and positive. A scorpio accomplishes his purpose by subtlety, strength of will or force if necessary. He cannot bear the criticism of others, for he is very self-assured. Moreover, the sun in scorpio makes one quite self-conscious, but very resolute, inquisitive and interested in fourth-dimensional subjects: occultism, spiritualism and all kindred topics.

Fond Of Power

Leo ascending makes one frank, outspoken, independent, impulsive and forceful and demonstrative in manner. In fact it adds an outward appearance that is—high spirited and dignified, one of "noblesse," of which the lion is the epitome. A pleasant, radiating joy of life emanates from Leo's whole appearance. This sign moreover contributes an aristocratic bearing and a definite ability for dramatization. It makes one imperious and fond of power and command, socially popular, usually leading in social activities. Moreover, it adds a manner toward subordinates that is condescending and masterful; obedience and devotion are accepted and expected as a matter of course, and when they are not given, indignation will know no bounds.

The moon in Taurus adds still another quality—it gives great devotion and perseverance. It adds a certain depth and seriousness, with an earthy quality which will be an excellent foil for the other manifestations already described. It adds resourcefulness in unexpected difficulties. It further indicates that feminine influences will play a very important part in his life, for that is the most dependable and stimulating vibration, placed as it is in what is known astrologically as the prince's "mid-heaven."

This position of the moon further contributes an appreciation of material possessions, such as houses, lands, and just money. It further emphasizes love of pleasure, luxury, and all the good things of life.

Tendency To Accidents

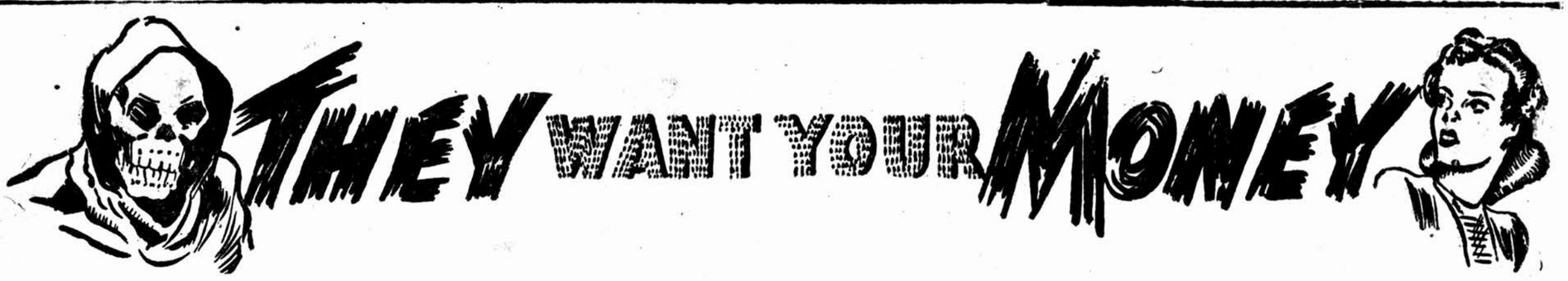
This child is extraordinarily fortunate, for he has a wonderful constitution, with excellent resistance and physical stamina. However, there are certain aspects which indicate a tendency to accidents through recklessness, especially in connection with motor vehicles and modern inventions, such as airplanes or cars, or other inventions which will very obviously take their place in transportation in the next two decades. But with a little caution during certain adverse periods, the young man on whose birth date the world's attention is focussed should have a long life and a healthy old age.

The favorable aspect of Saturn in Virgo makes one thoughtful, conservative, prudent. It adds the ability to systematize and organize, and also there are great benefits to be derived from older people.

Mercury, the mental planet, in scorpio, adds great mental resourcefulness, practical ability, a shrewd,

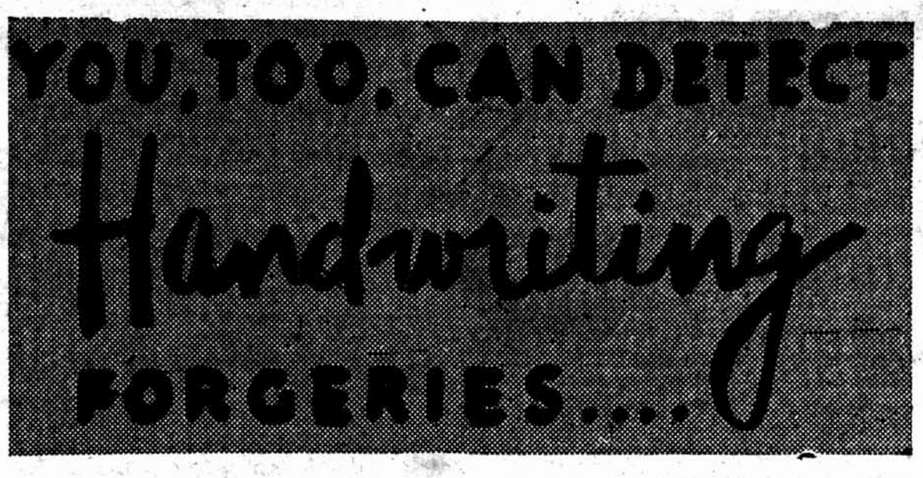
(Continued on page 17)

Prince Charles of Edinburgh, the infant son of Pincess Elizebeth in the arms of Miss Helen Maude Rowe, the British State Certified Midwife who attended the Princess



One of the world's gre atest detectors of forgeries, Louis C. S. Mansfield was adviser to the Bank Officers' Association of Australia and was retained by the Australian General Post Office as an expert. He once unmasked a great Australian election scandal, proving to the satisfaction of the High Court that every one of 970 ballot papers was forged. He is the author of "Forgery and its Detection" and "The Detective's Handbook of Forgery Investigations". Here he tells you how the forger works and how he is detected.

BY LOUIS C. S. MANSFIELD



YOU, TOO, CAN DETECT FORGERIES

Forgery dates back pretty well to the time when man first learned to write.

Down through the ages, crooks have produced forged documents, bogus manuscripts, faked wills and things of that sort in the effort to add to their ill-gotten gains.

Most of these forgeries are for small amounts but some of them run into millions of pounds. The record is, probably held by Krueger the Swedish match king who, in one operation alone, forged £19,000,000 worth of Italian bonds!

I do not think there is a single type of ducument,-handwritten, typed or printed—which has not been forged over and over again. These fakes range all the way from passports, wills, contracts, cheques and bills of exchange to military orders, old books manufacripts, deeds relating to grants of land, spy reports and wedding certificates.

Rich men have been made poor overnight; queens have been exe-

cuted; innocent people have gone to prison and more than one man has, suddenly, found himself "married" to a woman he had never even heard of, all because of the forger's art. One smart penman even produced a series of letters supposed to have been written by Christ's Apostles!

GIVE-AWAY SIGNS

Fortunately for the expert investigator, it is practically impossible for anyone to produce the perfect forgery and, once you know what to look for, you will find that every one of them bears a number of tell-tale signs which reveal their spurious nature quite plainly.

This is especially so with handwritten documents and signatures on such things as wills, cheques and other commercial documents.

Amongst other things, it is the degree of co-ordination between

The street on which crim
extending across America. It
name. Organised gangsterism
If permitted to go unchecked,
Americans will eventually bee
Wherever a

Type Writers "Finger Prints"

the muscles of the hand which determines how we write and, since no two people have had exactly the same muscular history, and therefore the same degree of co-ordination, no two people can produce exactly the same handwriting.

Of course, such things as these, belong to the realm of the expert but there are numbers of points which can be used to put the average man and woman on their guard. One of these is what we call the 'line quality' of the writing.

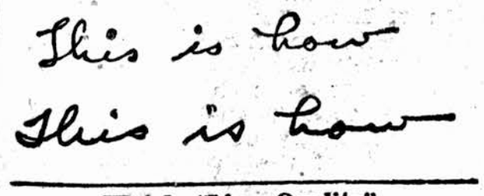
The average person writes as rapidly as his mental reactions will allow. And, through constant practice, his signature is generally dashed off at great speed.

Strangely enough, ink flows off a pen-nib at a more or less constant rate and, since the average person writes at a more or less constant speed, the strokes made by the genuine writer are, usually, smooth and fluent. The edges of the strokes are clear-cut and well-defined.

WATCH 'LINE QUALITY'

However, the average forger writes much more slowly than the genuine writer. He has to write slowly to make sure the fake signature has the same form and outline as the genuine one. In fact, most forgeries are not so much writing as slow, laborious, careful drawings, the outline being constantly touched up with added pen strokes.

This means that the forger takes much longer to produce a pen-stroke of the same length and—since the rate of ink-flow remains constant his pen-nib deposits much more ink on the surface of the paper. This surplus ink seeps into the fibres of the paper and



Watch "Line Quality"

spreads out, giving a very ragged saw-edge appearance to the strokes or, as we call it, a bad quality of line.

It is very rare to meet a forged cheque, will or commercial document in which the signature has a good line quality and, consequently most of such forgeries are suspect at first sight.

There are numbers of genuine writers who have a bad line quality. Usually they are people who write only very rarely and to whom the art of writing is a long laborious process. Sometimes, they have something wrong with the muscles of their hand and, therefore, cannot write rapidly and fluently. However, since unskilled writers are rarely employed in clerical capacities we rarely find them making out commercial documents.

Consequently if you are asked to cash a cheque in which the writing is "muddy" and in which the signature has a bad line quality treat it with the greatest suspicion and only cash it when you are satisfied that it is perfectly genuine.

INESCAPABLE STYLE HABITS

Forgers also slip up on what experts call the "system characteristics".

Different systems, or styles, of writing are taught in every country in the world. And, even within one country it is usual. to find a number of different systems. Generally speaking, all modern American systems are completely pressureless whereas, the systems taught in the British Empire show a great difference in the thickness between upstrokes and downstrokes. Both the American and British systems have rounded leters whereas the German systems have angular letters.

All these various systems were originally invented by pen men who had their own ideas on how the individual letters of the alalphabet should be made.

The child who learns the Zaner and Bloser system of American forms his letters differently from the one who learns to write the Palmer system. And both differ radically from the person who learned the Spencorian style. Similarly, in the British Empire, children who were taught the Collins system write differently from those who learned the Phillips method. And so on.

The point is this: it takes the average child close on ten years of hard work and patience to learn to write correctly and fluently. During that time, he unconsciously absorbs into his handwriting the

characteristics of the system or systems he learned and although he is not aware of it they remain in his writing for the rest of his life.

Consequently, when a forger who himself learned to write one system, tries to forge the writing of another person who learned an entirely different system we find him, subconsciously leaving out the system characteristics of the genuine writing and putting in the characteristics of his own system!

WHAT HAND-WRITING REVEALS

These system characteristics are of the greatest importance to the expert investigater who is frequently able to deduce such things as the writer's age, sex and nationality as well as some of his past history and, probably, the area in which he went to school, merely because of these unknown tell-tale signs.

It is because of the difficulty in forging a complete document

that the professional forger prefers to get possession of genuine documents, such as cheques etc., and to increase the amounts.

Sometimes, he buys from burglars the cheques they may have stolen as part of their robberies. Frequently he enters into some small business transactions with the person or firm he intends to rob, receives payment by cheque and proceeds to alter it.

Every cheque form is supposed to contain certain inks which will change colour as soon as any attempt is made to alter the writing with chemicals.

This is a protection only against the unskilful forger. The professional uses only just enough ink remover to take out the parts he wishes to remove. Normally, he works with a very fine pen or else with a brush that is composed of only one hair.

Working slowly and carefully, he paints out the particular line and then writes the new amount over the exact spot, where the alteration was made so that all evidence of the change is completely covered up by the new ink.

LONG-LOST WILLS

Every year brings with it a number of disputed wills which are contested in court. Frequently these deal with estates running into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Very often some of these wills are supposed to have been found hidden up chimneys, in old boxes in the attic or even buried in tins in the garden. Long experience

(Continued On Page 25)

BRITISH ROYALTY I HAVE MET

BY DR. SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA

Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha, whose biography is now being presented in instalments in the "Hindustan Review" was born at a transitional period—the days of national awakening flouting the whiteman's regime. Here he refers to the time when it was given to him to partake food in gold plates (at a Government House party given in honour of King George V) He refers too, to the delicious drinks served from His Majesty's cellars.

Indian Dress In Royal Presence

WHEN I was born in November, 1871, the good Queen Victoria was on the throne of the British Empire When I reached London early in February, 1890, to qualify myself as a barrister, the good Queen —then Queen Empress—was still on the throne, and had celebrated three years before her Diamond Jubilee in 1897

At that time not only in Britain and her colonies, but even in India, her reign was regarded as something akin to "Ramrajya." After I had been called to the Bar, in the last week of January 1893, and was on the point of returning to India, it was impressed upon me by a high British official at the India Office (who was said to be Aide-de-Camp of the Secretary of State for India) that etiqutte demanded that I should present myself at the Queen's Levee —dressed in Indian costume. The said officer recalled that all my Indian friends, from Bihar, had done so before returning home; and I knew that they had attended the Queen's Levee accoutred in Indian presentation costume.

But the fact of the matter was that for about two years before, both Mr. Hasan Imam and I had fallen into the company of nationalist students, and had developed a new mentality in such matters Mr. Hasan Imam and I had no objection to appear before the Queen at her Levee; but the India Office insistence on our appearing in Indian apparel, which we did not possess, was rather galling to us. True, we did not possess the British Court dress either, nor were in a position to get it made, because it was a costly affair, but all that apart it was the insistence on the part of the India Office that we could not be allowed to appear in any other clothes but Indian that rubbed our back on the wrong side, and so both of us returned to India—Mr. Hasan Imam in 1892 and I in 1893—without being privileged to pay our respects (as we say in this country) to good Queen Victoria.

Her son, the then Prince of Wales, who ascended the throne on his mother's death in 1901, as King Edward VII, had paid a visit to India in 1875 when I was but four years old. My father had attended the Darbar held on that occasion on the famous 'maidan' (open space) at Patna, but I had naturally no lot or part in it. When, therefore, it was announced that a greate Darbar would be held at Delhi to proclaim the accession of King Edward VII, I thought I would have a chance of looking at him, if not meeting him. But the King fell ill soon after, and had to undergo a serious operation before his complete recovery. Doctors then advised him not to come out to India, to preside over the Darbar, and that duty consequently devolved on his Viceroy, Lord Curzon. The King deputed, as his personal representative, his younger brother, the late Duke of Connought, and it was the Duke and the Duchess who attended the Delhi Darbar, which was held, at Delhi, on the 1st of January 1903 The public seemed to be highly satisfied that in the absence of the King-Emperor himself, his family was to be represented by his younger brother, and I have no doubt (from what I saw of the function) that much of its success was due to the Duke's presence; although Lord Curzon monopolised the credit of the success of the Darbar to himself. I was an invitee to that Darbar as the editor of the "Hindustan Review", the English monthly which I had founded at Allahabad in 1900, and at which I am still plodding and drudging, after nearly half a century.

The Delhi Durbar

King Edward VII passed away after a short reign of less than ten years, in 1909, and was succeeded by his second son, who ascended the throne as King George V. It fell to his lot, as the only British monarch, to come to India to hold and preside over a Darbar, to proclaim his accession as the Emperor of India. This great function the greatest of its kind held during British rule in this country, came off on the 11th December, 1911. There is a large literature relating to this historic Darbar chronicled by officials and non-officials. As an elected member of the Imperial Legislative Council, I was amongst the invitees to this Darbar, and with the rest of my colleagues was given great prominence, our seats being arranged in the first row (facing the throne) in continuation of that arranged for the Ruling Chiefs and Princes, headed by the present Nizam of Hyderabad, who had succeeded his father but a short time before. I was introduced to the King on the various functions which had been arranged in connection with the Darbar, but it was also arranged that the Members of the Imperial Legislative Council would be introduced to him at His Majesty's Levee in Calcutta by the Viceroy himself, as the President of the Imperial Legislative Council. The King returned to Calcutta in the last week of December, 1911, and in the first week of January, 1912. our introductions were by Lord Hardinge, the then Governor-General and Viceroy, and at the close of the Levee, each of us got a chance of few minutes' talk with King-Emperor George, who was extremely affable and genial.

Before, however, he reached Calcutta from Delhi the King paid a visit to my native town, Arrah, and also to Patna, which had been raised to the dignity of the capital of the Province of Bihar and Orissa; the announcement about which had been made by the King-Emperor himself, at the Delhi Darbar, on the 11th December, along with that of the revocation of the partition of Bengal. King George V stayed, for some time, at my native town, Arrah, on his way from Delhi to Calcutta (to be able to attend Divine Service at the Memorial Church) soon after His Majesty's declaration, at the Delhi Darbar, of the separation of Bihar and Orissa from West Bengal, and their constitution as a full-fledged Provincial Government

As a member of the Imperial Legislative Council I was invited by the District Authorities to be present on this memorable occasion, in the fortunes of my native town, and I shall never forget the scene of genuine and unparalelled enthusiasm amongst the vast mass of humanity that had mustered in force to have a 'darshan' of His Majesty, and of His Royal Consort. The crowd, which had been trooping in at Arrah, from the neighbouring villages, since the dawn, and had assembled round the Memorial Church, was an enormous one, which was estimated to be from about forty to fifty thousand. But there was no disorder until after the service was over. Then, as His Majesty's car slowly drove out of the Church compound, there was an attempt made by the crowd to rush the cordon set up by the police, which induced the latter to offer opposition for maintaining it. The people were naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of their Majesties by going closer to their car. But as the police would not allow it, the situation was becoming acute, and any moment it might have led to 'fracas'. The situation was thus a serious one

Tactful Conduct

No one knew what to do, or what would happen. The Police Officers had their orders to carry out, which was to maintain their cordon at all cost; the people were no less insistent by reason of their intense desire to see the Emperor and the Empress, by pressing as close to their car as they could, in spite of the police and their opposition. Just then when the situation had become acutely tense, one of the officers accompanying their Majesties came out of the car, and announced to the Senior Police Officer incharge that His Majesty desired the cordon to be removed forthwith, whoch was no sooner said than done. The crowd set up a hilarious uproar, as they were able to obtain thereby a good view of their Majesties, who graciously stood in the car, which was halted sufficiently long to enable the people to come forward, and have 'darshan' of their Sovereign to their heart's content. The crowd then dispersed peacefully—shouting at the pitch of their voice "Jai, Jai" ("Victory Victory") to the Emperor and the Empress.

Thus a serious situation was tactfully averted by the gracious act of His Majesty George V, and the incident had left an abiding impression on my mind, as showing to what an enormous extent the exercise of imagination sympathy, and tact can help in the solution of Indian problems—whether those affecting the illiterate masses, or the educated classes. It may be recalled that King-Emperor George V, on his return home, in 1905, after his visit to India as the Prince of Wales, had (in the course of a speech delivered at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the Guildhall) declared that what was wanting in the British administration of India was sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of the people. He himself was evidently the very embodiment of such sympathy; but, being a constitutional monarch, he was naturally unable to influence the policy of the British Government in relation to India; with the result that ever since the downing of national consciousness amongst the educated and politically-minded classes in the country, there had existed bitter relations between them and Government, until the establishment of India's Independence on 15th August, 1947

Food In Gold Plates

From Arrah, the King and the Queen came to Patna. During their short visit to Patna they passed along, on a steamer, the whole of the river front, covering several miles, and were accorded, by tremendously big crowds standing on the banks of the Ganges, a great ovation and an enthusiastic reception. From Patna we all followed their Majesties to Calcutta, where also, apart from attending the Levee at the Government House, we met the King on various other occasions, like lunches, dinners, at-homes, and garden parties. Both at Delhi and in Calcutta those of us who were invited to partake of meals with their Majesties (as I was) did so in plates made of gold. This set, for one hundred guests, had been evidently made for the functions connected with the Darbar, as it was believed at that time that to offer Indian Princes food in plates made of something less costly than gold would not be commensurate with their importance, rank, and dignity. There can be no doubt that the Royal banquet, both at Delhi and Calcutta, presented a grand spectacular scene. Long tables, seating a hundred guests, covered with spotless Irish linen, and cutlery with mother-of pearl handles, embellished with cut glass cups and tumblers of the highest workmanship, and laden with masses of flowers arranged skilfully by trained decorators in picturesque vases, all these—and very much more—presented, under floods of electric light, a most gorgeous pageant. And when the dinner began to be served in the Royal plates, the whole table looked ablaze and aglow as one burnished sheet of living gold, and the mouths of the gods themselves must have watered, for once, at it, loaded as it was with the choicest viands, daintiest sweets, and luscious desserts. under which it palpably groaned. I lack courage even to refer to the delicious drinks served from His Majesty's cellars, lest after having gained our Independence, on the basis of the new Government's pro-Prohibition policy, any such reference may land me in His Majest's jail! It was the same gold service, I believe, that was kept at the Delhi Government House, which under the present His Majesty's instructions, the last British Governor-General, Lord Mountbatten, presented to the first Indian Governor-General, Shri C. Rajagopalachari, to be kept as a present from the King to the people of the Indian Union, and as a memento of his father's visit to his once great and glorious Indian Empire.

BABA KHARAK SINGH, 81 -YEAR OLD SIKH LEADER HAS APPEALED TO THE SIKHS TO SUPPORT THE NEHRU CABINET AND OPPOSE SEPARATE ELECTORATE.

At the end of the first week away from home on a new job, the young husband wrote to his wife: "Made foreman—feather in my cap."

After the second week he wrote: "Made manager—another feather in my cap."

After the third week he wired: "Sacked—send money."

His wife telegraphed back: "Use feathers. Fly home."

The gangster walked into the pawnshop and placed a revolver on the counter.

"How much," he grunted; "for this gun?"

"Is it a good revolver?" asked the proprietor."

"Certainly it's good," growled the law-breaker "I've bumped off several fellows with it."

"You can't say," mused the pawnbroker. "If that's the case, why do you want to sell it?"

"I just found out," explained the gangster "that you need a permit to carry a gun!"

KOALA Australia's Cherub In Fur

BY CHARLES BARRETT, C.M.Z.S.

None of the world's furbearers has more ardent admirers than the koala, or native bear, the best loved member of Australia's unique fauna.

Unlike the panda, its only rival, the "teddy bear" may be seen only in its native land. But it has modelled for furry toys that have made it familiar to people all over the world.

Only those who have met the koala in person, however, known what an enchanting little fellow he is, with his solemn round face, his eyes expressive of innocence and wonder, and his indolent ways.

Inoffensive and imperturbable as he may look, the koala nevertheless has a quite temper, and when really aroused will make effective use of his strong claws. A captured baby bear will scratch wildly in its efforts to escape, while its mother will use her claws, too, to protect her baby.

In the mating season, especially, an "old man" koala often raises his voice in the eucalyptus tree forest; uttering loud, hoarse, grating sounds which have been likened to a saw ripping through a thin board, though in a deeper tone.

KOALA COLONIES

This quaint, appealing marsupial generally lives up to all the praises sung about him—even the eulogy of Dr. Thomas Wood, the English author, who, in "Cobbers," describes him as the most enchanting little animal that ever lived.

Australians flock to the forest reservations of the State of Victoria for the opportunity of seeing the koalas under natural conditions. They return again and again, captivated by the ways of the "bears".

Phillip Island reservation, in Western Port Bay, packs its hotels and guest houses with the tourist who come to wander along its bush roads and see the koalas in the trees at close quarters. Koala colonies popular with Australian bear-lovers are maintained at several other sanctuaries in Victoria, and also in the northern State of Queensland.

The story of this "cherub-in-fur" makes a delightful animal biography.

The only known ancestor of Phascolarctus Cinereus— the koala's scientific title—was a huge, clumsy animal weighing about half a ton or some twenty-eight times as much as a living native bear of average size. This fossil animal was named Koalemus by an authority whose sense of humour must have been dominant when he coined a word meaning "stupid fellow."

There is only one species of koala, an arboreal marsupial, confined to eastern Australia. Its range originally extended from the south-eastern portion of South Australia, through Victoria, and eastern New South Wales up to north Queensland.

Today the koala exists, in its wild state, only in Victoria and Queensland, apart from a very small number in New South Wales. Soon after pelt-hunting became a profitable industry in the Australian colonies the decline of the koala "people" began. From millions, their ranks were reduced to thousands as the destroyers continued their ruthless work. Epidemic disease also took heavy toll, and eventually the koala faced extinction throughout its range, excepting in Queensland.

Strict protection came just in time to save it in Victoria, where, chiefly in sanctuaries, it is gradually becoming re-established though it still needs, in addition to all the protection the Game Laws can give, the favourable conditions it enjoys in wild life reserves. A "census" in 1946 showed that about 5,000 koalas remained in Victoria, most of them in reservations and sanctuaries, where they thrive.

The day of the "sportsman" who found amusement in shooting koalas ended long ago. For some years the pelt hunters have been forbidden the harvest that would have wiped out the world's most lovable animal.

Never again will there be an open season for koalas in the south nor, it is hoped, in Queensland where they now exist in fairly large numbers.

FEW ZOOS HAVE THEM

Koalas are not exhibited in zoological gardens overseas, because their export is banned. Apart from the fact that Australia has no surplus of them, they are fussy about their food and it would be difficult to supply their needs in Europe and America—in fact, any land but their own.

Meet the koalas, mother and babe. Until they can fend for themselves the cubs seldom leave the maternal back.

Conservative in his choice of food-trees, the koala will eat the foliage of only a few kinds of eucalypts. In southern Victoria, his favourite is the manna gum (Eucalytpus viminalis), doubtless because of the manna in its leaves.

As Dr. Charles S. Sutton, who made a study of the subject, concludes, obviously the koala confines itself to such tress as the manna gum, the swamp gum, the yellow box, and a very few other species: because their foliage is more to its taste than that of any others. It doesn't object to a considerable amount of oil in the leaves it munches—those of the yellow box (Eucalyptus melliodora) contain. 866 per cent. It likes leaves containing a fair amount of both eucalyptus and pinene, and it apparently doesn't greatly object to the phellandrene which exists to a slight extent in some forms of the manna gum and several other koala food-trees.

If they can't get their proper natural food, koalas in captivity suffer from indigestion, and some sicken and die. An autopsy would probably show the cause of death to be chronic indigestion.

So particular is the koala about its diet that at times it has been necessary to transfer whole populations of bears from areas in which the manna gum or other particular varieties of eucalypts have been eaten out or have declined for other reasons.

Even on the Phillip Island stronghold of the bears, the animals began to die as the manna gums were stripped of their foilage and numbers of them had to be transferred to the mainland. The same thing happened on neighbouring French Island. I acted as naturalist observer during this transfer. The bears were removed from their trees and transported across the bay in boxcages to a government reserve on Quail Island. After a few years they had to be moved once again because of destruction of the trees by bushfires.

FEEDING ON LEAVES

The late Sir Colin Mackenzie, first Director of the Australian Institute of Anatomy at Canberra, and a student of the koala, made notable researches on its comparative anatomy.

"The lessons which may be learned by the comparative anatomist from this unique little survivor from a past age are many, as will be seen by a study of its various systems in comparison with those of man," he wrote.

The animal is essentially a leaf-eater, and its very specialised diet necessitates the ingestion of vast quantities of tip-leaves to provide its full quota of carbohydrates, protein, and fat. Nature, therefore, has given it an amazing intestinal canal, with an appendix six to eight feet long. To quote an authority, "The appendicular cycle reaches its fullest development in the koala." Another important fact is that the lungs of koalas throw light upon the developments of lungs of the human type.

Because of the paucity of records, we can only guess how long a koala may live in a wild state, but it would probably be nearly 20 years.

It breeds once a year, and one cub forms the family, though there are rare examples of twins. The quaint baby leaves the mother's pouch, its nursery for several months, to become, for a while, literally a burden on her broad, furry back, when not clinging in front, with protecting arms around it. The parent shows her maternal affection by fondling and stroking her youngster in an almost human manner.

Born in autumn, the cub, when about six months old, is able, and willing, to fend for itself, and leaves home to wander in search of a comfortable fork in a manna gum, or some other food-tree.

After drowsing or sleeping away the sunlit hours, the youngster will climb to the higher branches of his tree towards evening for a gum-tip meal. Powerful limbs, with claws to match, enable him to climb easily green, smooth-barked trees.

Koalas are not gregarious by nature. Except during the breeding season they live mostly in a solitary state. Sometimes several may occupy the same tree, and be seen feeding, or sleeping close together, but they are not companionable, and don't seek the company of "bears" in neighbouring trees. Quarrels which occur at times, especially between surly old 'bear," who may have been crossed in love, are conducted with much commotion in the tree.

"Rock-a-bye baby in the tree-top"

KOALA IN LEGENDS

The Koala figures in many Australian aboriginal legends, of which some are reminiscent of Kipling's "Just So" stories. One story-myth of an extinct Victorian tribe tells how Kur-boo-roo, the native bear who was the wise counsellor of the aboriginies in their difficulties, fell from grace for stealing all their drinking vessels and draining the streams dry. The tribe was close to perishing from thirst when Kuh-ruh-arook came down from the sky to seek the cause of their lemantations, and after hearing their lementations. She summoned all the Koalas and after hearing listened to the aborigines' tale of woe. Then Kuh-ruh-ar-ook gave judgment. The people might kill and eat koalas, because their flesh was good "tucker," but they might not skin them, as they did such common animals as 'possums and kangaroos. Koalas were forbidden to steal tarnuks, or water vessels, and empty the streams

In the terms of this solemn judgment aborigines and koalas forever after lived at peace.

The first European to see a koala was a young man who, in January, 1798, ventured west from the first white settlement at Port Jackson in New South Walse and reached the Blue Mountains.

Among the strange new animals he described in the account of his exploration was one called a "cullawnine" by the aborigines, which resembled the sloths of America

FIRST AUTHENTIC RECORD

A few years later, another explorer, Ensign Barallier, obtained from the blacks what he called "portions of a monkey." These were preserved in a bottle of brandy and sent to the Governor. Subsequently Barallier presented a living koala to Governor King for transport to England, but it did not survive long enough to make the voyage.

Lieut-Colonel Paterson, a great naturalist, when Governor of New South Wales, obtained specimens of the native bear, as the colonists miscalled it, and sent a detailed account of the koala to a scientist in England named Home, who published in the Philosophical Transactinis, in 1808, the first authentic record of the Australian animal whose popular name has become a household word.

First published picture of the koala appeared in Perry's "Arcana" one of the world's rarest books—only for copies are known to exist. Perry was unmoved, however, by the charms of the quaint creature. He found it "ugly and uncouth," clumsy and awkward in appearance and devoid of elegance.

Perry and other natural philosophers, famous enough in their day, who were blind to the beauty and the cute ways of the koala, have long been forgotten The koala just survived the danger of following them into oblivion, and lived to win his way into a special place in the affections of all Australians.

A BUSINESSLIKE GOVERNMENT

By Cabinet- Maker

(It is frequently said that our first National Government lacks business ability. In the inter-war years, in Britain, there was a call for a "Businessmen's Government." Such a Government is necessary in our country to increase production, reassure the business community, revive confidence, ginger up the share market and do a hundred other things which industrialists, businessmen and Presidents of Chambers of Commerce consider essential if we are not to go the "way of China." Here is a concrete, carefully worked out scheme for the purpose consisting of businessmen, their trusted friends, allies and satellites.)

Prime Minister and Minister for Labour: Mr. G. D. Birla.

Minister for External Affairs: Seth Ramkrishna Dalmia.

Finance: Mr. Kasturbhai Lalbhai.

Deputy Minister of Finance: A Birla brother, son or nephew (initial to be substituted later).

Home and Law: Sir C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

Industries: Sir Padampat Singhania.

Commerce: Sir Homi Mody.

Transport: Mr. Walchand Hirachand.

Air and Post: Mr. J. R. D. Tata

Deputy Minister for Air: One Dalmia

States: Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar.

Defence: H. H. Maharaja of Jaipur.

Information and Broadcasting: Lala Durga Das.

Works, Mines and Power: Sree Satyanarain Sinha.

Health: Mr. Nalini Ranjan Sarkar.

Food: Sir A. K. Ghaznavi.

Education: Sir Sri Ram.

The Ministry will also be assisted by several competent advisers:

Economic Adviser: Dr. P. S. Lokanathan.

Industrial Adviser: Mr. E. D'Costa.

Financial Adviser: Sir Kikabhai Premchand.

Adviser on Cotton Textiles: Mr. Krishnaraj M. Thackersey.

Adviser on Cement: Mr. S. P. Jain.

Adviser on Sugar: Mr. Narang.

Adviser on Jute: A Birla nephew or son.

Adviser on Heavy Industry: Sir M. Visveshvaraya.

Adviser on Light Industry: A Marwari Businessman weighing 275 lbs.

All-India Commissioner of Anti-Corruption: (To be selected by lot from a panel of six leading businessmen).

Governor of the Reserve Bank: Mr. B. T. Thakur.

Adviser on Minorities: Mr. M. A. Ispahani.

Ambassador in U. K.: Mr. C. H. Bhabha.

Ambassador in U.S.A.: Mr. Shanmukham Chtty.

Ambassador in Pakistan: Lala Yodh Raj.

Representative on United Nations: Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliyar.

1. FOREIGN POLICY.

(a) Formation of one world 'by Hook or by Crook.'

(b) Establishment of world-wide relations of Businessmen, Industrialists, Exporters and Importers to promote economic co-operation.

(c) Delegations of Businessmen (with their wives, singular and plural) abroad to form contacts, enter into contracts etc.

2. FINANCIAL POLICY

No Deflation. No Disinflation.

Propaganda against Anti-Inflation.

Government Expenditure to be immediately reduced by three-fourths through retrenchment of clerks and peons and reduction in salaries.

Withdrawal of Income-Tax Evasion Committee.

Abolition of Capital Gains Tax, Super Tax etc.

No more Direct Taxation.

Heavy reduction in higher Income Tax

Withdrawal of Estates Duty Bill.

No additional Taxation for new companies, old companies, expanded and contracted companies. Efficient companies to be rewarded by exemption from taxation, inefficient companies to be encouraged and subsidised and kept alive for increasing production.

Prohibition of prohibition.

Abolition of abolition of Zamindari.

3. ECONOMIC POLICY

Rigid ceiling on wages.

No ceiling on Prices and Profits. No profit-sharing.

No restriction on managing agency commission or dividends.

Illegalisation of strikes for next five years with option for another five years.

Right of lock-out to be preserved.

No controls on foodgrains, cloth kerosene, petrol or births.

Prohibition of speeches and statements except by Businessmen.

Penalty for advocacy of nationalisation or State Control.

Railways, Ports, Posts and Telegraphs, Telephones, Ordnance factories, Universities etc. to be handed over to private companies.

Army to be reorganised on the basis of a Destruction Bonus to be paid on the basis of killing per head of the enemy.

Black-marketing, smuggling and tax evasion by others to be denounced as far as consistent with the needs of increased savings, investment and capital formation. Speculation to be encouraged and losses paid by Government.

Corruption among officials and Ministers to be discouraged as far as possible. Private enterprise to be treated as 'strictly private.

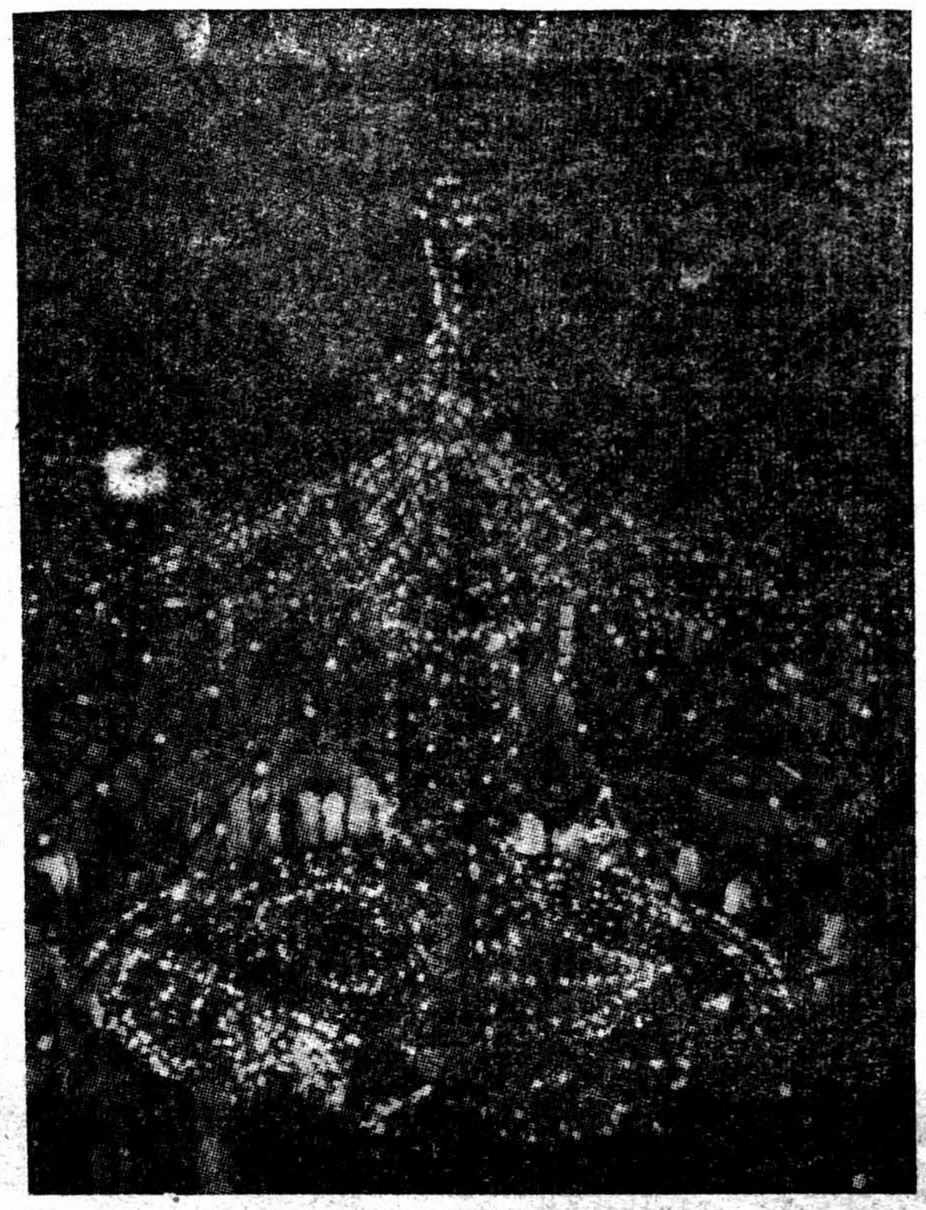
4. POLITICAL POLICY

No elections for ten years.

No Constitution for ten years.

Abolition of Provincial Ministries.

Implementotion of economic policies by Ordinances.



Illumination at Aga Hall, Nisbit Road where the Immat celebrations in honour of the Aga Khan took place on the 26th inst.

Stoppage Of Jap Reparations To America

By Maj. Gen. A. C. Goodyear

Exclusive to "The Bombay Chronicle Weekly"

Two parts of the Allied programme to rehabilitate Japan are slowing toward a halt and they had better be stopped soon if the United States is going to intrench a needed ally in the Far East.

These two facets of post-war policy—controversial everywhere except in Japan—are the purge of former Fascists and reparations.

These observations were made in a recent trip to conquered Nippon. As a guest of the Provost Marshal of Japan, I had special privileges and unusual opportunities. Of course, two weeks in Japan cannot qualify one as an authority.

Praise To MacArthur

My opinions and conclusions are mostly those of men who have lived here though the three years of occupation. Many lived in Japan for ten to 30 years before the war. Business and professional men and correspondents familiar with all phase of Japanese life, they are loud in their praises of Gen. Douglas A. MacArthur.

It is hard to realize what he has done to the fanatic Japanese fighters of Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima and Okinawa to convert them into the friendly citizens of the city streets and villages. There is no resentment or worry on their smooth faces. They go about their business as though nothing had happened.

In Germany a year ago, one found only bitterness and despair. The streets of the cities were bordered by rubble. Under good conditions, it would take 30 years to rebuild. And there is little material available.

In Japan there is no rubble. Seven years ago, the Emperor was stil divine. He never came in contact with the common people. As he passed along the streets, the windows of the buildings were blocked by blinds and shutters. No one could look down upon the Son of Heaven. On the streets, his subjects knelt, their foreheads on the ground.

At a press conference for Allied and Japanese papers which I attended, the Emperor, in Western clothes, and the Empress, in a Kimono, first went through the Japanese section. They were mobbed. They kept smiling. The Empress was definitely amused, the Emperor a little worried. The conference was held in a department store.

Along Tokyo's Streets

The first impression one gets driving from Haneda airport to Tokyo is that this is a shabby country. The road is lined with ramshackle, unpainted, one-storied shops and houses. The people, most in Western clothes, are shabby too.

The Tokyo area was heavily bombed by incendiaries and the buildings there are post-war. The tall, modern buildings have mostly been taken over by the Occupation forces as offices and billets. They too need repairs and paint. There is little evidence of bombing. The building of the navy ministry is roofless and gutted. One B-29 fell in flames to destroy a large part of the Emperor Meiji's shrine. That is about all. Our targets were the factory areas outside.

Shortly after my arrival with my hosts, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. C. S. Ferrim, I had lunch with General and Mrs. MacArthur. He looks 20 years younger than his 69 years. He is a brilliant talker, a fascinating actor on a world stage. He talked with great frankness about his plans and purposes. Some of the things I will speak of came from my two hours at the American Embassy where the MacArthurs live. Others I learned from the officers and the correspondents who have been close to him.

Success Of Occupation

During the luncheon the General talked about experiences in World War I and discussed the top brass of that war. He expressed his admiration for Gen. Hugh Drum, who was his assistant during his tour of duty as Chief-of-Staff.

In common with most of the world, I had long admired MacArthur the soldier and the administrator. But I had doubted MacArthur the egoist. He is an egoist. He has every reason to be one. Since his West Point days, he has been top man wherever he has been. He has grasped every honour that a soldier could have. He is too intelligent not to appreciate himself.

While the Supreme Commander receives the support and admiration of Americans and Japanese alike, there is a different story about some of the other officers. And there are ways and means by which some of the lower echelons can transmit policy beoynd recognition.

Still, inspite of such inevitable drawbacks, the occupation is a great, a remarkable success. The people of Japan are not badly fed, and they are clothed and housed reasonably well. Every house has electric light. They are a very clean people, bathing frequently despite a shortage of soap and hot water.

As everywhere throughout the world, Communists have worked their ways into places of influence in the ranks of labour. SCAP has supported the formation of labour unions and for a while, the Communists, though few in number, were making steady progress in control. They made a mistake when they planned and proclaimed a strike of Government employees. When MacArthur forbade that, he greatly discredited the Communists.

Americans who have been in Japan for the last three years agree the purging of former Japanese officials has gone too far. Between May, 1945, and May, 1948, 717, 415 individuals were examined and 201,815 were purged. That doesn't mean they were "liquidated"; they were simply barred from any positions of power or importance in Government, education and industry. As a result there are few men capable of undertaking the responsibilties and assuming the positions that the purgees had.

Reparations have been held up. They should be discontinued entirely. There are few if any plants remaining that could be classed as war factories in any reasonable assessment. And if war is to come, as is the general opinion here, our possible effective ally in the Far East will be Japan, unpalatable as that idea may be to many.

If we are to be realists in a realistic world, we must recognize what 40 or so Japanese divisions could do that otherwise our manpower would have to undertake. There is no doubt that the Japanese fear and hate the Russians. They have reason to. One of the many wise decisions that are chiefly to be credited to General MacArthur was to continue the Emperor as the nation's head while the Russians favored his excution.

Japan should be a tourist paradise. Fujiyama is often cloud-covered, but when it appears snow-clad it fully lives up to advance notices. The mountain country is lovely, and there are shrines everywhere.

Even those Americans who have been longest in Japan, who know the

(Continued on page 17)

QUIT INDIA — WITH THE STATUES!

BY N. V. ESWAR

Sir Samuel Montague

The problem of statutes was hanging fire over India all these years–whether it was the Statute of Westminster variety that is wanted or any other Statute. Now that problem ceased on 15th August 1948. But a new problem has come up. It is the problem of the statues. No one seems to have thought of this problem.

I did not read the provisions in the Indian Independence Bill. But I do feel that nothing about the Statues is mentioned there. According to this Bill, the Britishers were to quit India, with their Statutes, Rules, Regulations, Ordinances etc. leaving the Indians to frame their own constitution and live their own life. But there is nothing to indicate as to whether they are to carry with them the Statues also when they leave.

Scattered all over India are countless Statues of Englishmen who laid the foundations of British Imperialism in India and helped keep up that structure all these years. They range from Viceroys, Governors, Commanders, Generals Military Adventurers, Medical Men, Educationists. Social Workers Judges etc

Comparatively speaking, I think Calcutta holds the pride of place in being the City which harbours the largest number of such Statues. In Calcutta, you literally bump into these Statues when you turn this side or that—at the junction of crossroads, in public parks and maidans. Literally in any vacant space you cannot find a small patch of open space without a Statue in it. I have not been to Delhi. So I do not know whether Delhi is a serious challenge to Calcutta in this respect. As the Capital City, it may be. If it is, I am ready to correct myself. But comparing Calcutta with Bombay and Madras, I should say Calcutta is well above shoulders in the matter of harbouring Statues.

These Statues were at the same time a tribute to the Empire and its numerous beneficiaries paid in gratefulness to those who built up the structure and maintained it, and also a reminder to the common man in India that he is ever in debt to the benevolent Britisher for his very existence. The psychological effect on the common man in India was that he always looked at these Statues with awe and reverence, approximating to the same feelings that he would have developed if he were standing in the presence of the very Parabrahman! To others with political consciousness, these Statues have been an eyesore all these years and a constant reminder of their political slavery to a foreign nation.

Now that the veil of Imperialism is lifting from the Indian face, why should we be reminded of our bad days by these Statues? We all are agreed that the days of British Imperialism in India were a bad dream. So it is but fair that the realities clinging to this dream are also removed.

There would, of course, be some on our side who would suggest that we remove all these Statues into a Central Museum, so that they may not be an eyesore any more, but receive the same negligent attention that every showpiece in our Museum gets from the visiting public. This is of course born of that psychological desire to show the Englishman his

Gopal Krishna Gokhale

place. I do not agree with this procedure. For these Statues are apt to attract the even negligent and derisive gaze of the common Indian and thus telescope the other objects out of his view. Which means that the common Indian will not be looking at the things that proclaim India's past glories and present achievement. This is a real danger

So the Britishers should be asked to take these Statues along with them when they quit this country. For one thing, these Statues represent part and parce of British

(Continued On Page 21)

MUTE SPECTATORS OF NOISY BOMBAY

BY BONNIE CORREA

A fugitive scientist from a Boris Karloff horror movie, so the story goes, dreamed up a serum that would bring up inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on a statute of a great general in Central Park, America. Sure enough the statue began to quiver and a moment later the general, reaking a bit at the joints climbed down from his pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed "I have given you life", he exulted. "Now tell me General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it."

"That's easy", replied the general ripping a gun from his holster. "I am going to shoot about 2 million damn pigeions."

That, perhaps would be much the same revenge some of the forgotten weather-beaten statues adorning Bombay city would like to take, not only against birds but also some of the citizens of Bombay

Though thousands of weary office-workers pass everyday the same statue, they are often oblivious to its very existence and blissfully ignorant as to who the bonze figure is and why it was erected there

Must we go only to Museums and Poets' corners to feel the inspiration and greatness of the country's great men, it may be asked, when we have the images of the city's great men in our midst!

*

For these statues are the mute testimony to the history and progress of our urbs prima in Indies, and the men that helped to make the city what it is today. To the memory and achievement of these great men, the citizens of Bombay have sought to pay a lasting homage by having a life-size statue erected in a prominent place in the city. In this way their work and effort for the country have been permanently enshrined in the memory and hearts of not only the city's teeming millions, but the thousands of travellers, tourists and visitors to this gateway to India.

This is but an ancient art, traced to Egyptian, Gracian and Roman days. The modern expression can be found in huge mountains where gigantic facial shapes of American champions of Democracy and Liberty have been carved out in the United States to Epstein's colossal statues of great men in Britain

In Bombay, we have an assortment of statues erected to the city's great governors, statesmen, educators,corporators, policemen and engineers.

Some of these like the "Kala Ghoda" of King Edwards VII equestrian statue have become landmarks of the city; by a strange quirk, the horse and colour of this statue have become better known that the rider astride. it. Others like the magnificent statue of India's great industrialist J. N. Tata, in an obscure section of the city, has come to have only a photographic interest.

Sometimes some of these statues become an ugly reminder of past bondage and arrogant imperialism to freedom-conscious Indians. Some oversensitive city fathers after the dawn of freedom piloted a resolution in the Bombay Municipal Corporation demanding that the busts of non-Indian officials which lined the meetings hall be removed. Only recently nine busts, including that of Queen Victoria, which was met from public funds, were dumped in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Byculit and the Acworth Leper Home at Matunga. There are now only three busts in the Corporation Hall, that of Dadabhoy Naoroji, Father of Indian Politics, D.F. Karaka, first Indian Chairman of the Corporation and Rao Sahib V. N. Mandalik, a former Chairman.

The first bust placed in the Corporation Hall was that of E. C. K. Ollivant, who was Municipal Commissioner from 1881 to 1890.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE STATUES OF SOME OF OUR CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY AND FIGHTERS OF FREEDOM HAVE COME TO BE VIEWED IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT LIGHT AND GLORY. THEIR BRONZE OR MARBLE PRESENCE IS NOW LOOKED UPON AS INSPIRATION FOR PRESENT AND FUTURE INDIA.

Acts of vandalism against relics of British Imperialism in the first waves of fury were many, and statues of non-Indians came in for their share of it. During one of these disturbances, Queen Victoria, of "60 glorious years' fame, sitting pretty in her magnificent throne not far from the Central Telegraph Office, lost her nose. The monument is an imposing piece of sculpture, perhaps the most beautiful in the city. The damage has not yet been repaired, and it seems that for Bombay at least the statue, minus this appendage, is going to pass like the classic Venus de Milo.

*

There were also instances when similar British statues were tarred and feathered, but, happily, the Cleansing Department of the Public Works Department were prompt and did not allow this disfigurement to continue to be eye-sores to statue-conscious people in and visiting Bombay, for long.

Though the city's statues are ordinarily little noticed, they are well remembered on birthdays of the men who have been honoured. Only recently at the Centenary celebration of one of India's great sons, Sir Phirozeshah Mehta, thousands gathered to pay homage to this patriot and benefactor, and the ladder of a fire-engine was used to reach the giddy heights to garland his statue at the entrance of the Corporation Building. On other days, a keen observer may notice a garland of flowers placed with loving care round the neck of Bal Gangadhar Tilak's statue at Chowpatty seashore.

Many University students, perhaps, are unmindful of the statues that adorn their University campus. These two memorials, mute spectators of many convocations, when degree-conscious grads clutching their crisp diplomas filed past to the Convocation Hall, could give plenty of homely advice if they could but speak. To the left of the Hall stands Thomas Ormiston, regarded as Bombay's most outstanding engineer, builder and educationlist. It was Ormiston who planned and constructed Port Trust Docks, the Prongs Lighthouse, Sunk Rock Lighthouse and several works in the city and harbour.

The statue, erected in 1888, is jocularly retferred to by students as "The Unknown Scholar"; few seem to know him, as his name and plaque are almost obliterated by the hands of time. But all the same he is remembered by the street that bears his name in the Fort area.

At the entrance of the Convocation Hall stands the figure of Sir Cowasji Jehangir Readymoney cloaked in long old-style frock-coat and turban. Sir Cowasji earned the name 'readymoney' as he was everready with his purse for any philanthropic cause and as a memorial to his liberality and munificence this fine marble statue was erected. Scholars will also readily remember him; some few because of the benefit of the many scholarship donated by him; a vast majority by the scholarship they failed to get.

Alongside are pictures of some of the more prominent statues that are found in Bombay city.

Lostly, we cannot close this article about the still life of Bombay without mentioning the greatest statue of India that of Mhatma Gandhi. It has yet to be erected on Bombay's shoreline near the Gateway of India. Like the famous statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York harbour, the colosal bronze figure with only a loin-cloth and stave—The Mahatma representing under-clothed. under-fed India—will be a beacon light of freedom and liberty and an inspiration to all freedom-loving people of the world.

Justice Govind Ranade

Sir Richard Temple

THE CHARKA ABROAD

England Has A Flourishing Cottage Industry In Handwoven Scottish Tweeds

The Industrial Revolution which, through mass production, ushered in an era of plenty and prosperitv brought in its wake conditions adverse to cottage industries. Appreciation of esquisite craftsmanship, which is much in demand, is still there among the discerning public; but the comparatively high prices of handmade articles often force people to turn to cheaper mill-made ones of equal utility value. Consequently many village crafts have disappeared in course of time, though a number of them have successfully withstood the competition.

Today, revival of cottage industries is being encouraged in many parts of the world, and in India it has been accepted as the very cornerstone for building the country's economic structure. In Asia and Africa, which are industrially backward, conditions for the revival of rural industries are more congenial than in the highly developed countries of Europe and America. All the same, in the United Kingdom, in spite of its very high level of industrialisation, there are still some flourishing cottage industries.

No machine can give to its products that individuality which a craftsman can breathe into his creation, and that is the secret of the great demand for handicrafts. One such article in demand all over the world is the handwoven Scotch tweed. It is more or less an eclusively Scottish industry, but an adventurous Scot, 42-year-old Angus Litster, who with his wife Kathleen, in 1938 migrated from Edinburg and settled down in the little Eiglish town of Bovey Tracey on the borders of Dartmoor Devon, is now producing Scotch tweeds in England.

Mrs. Lister fills the bobbins ready for her husband to start weaving a fresh supply of tweed.

With a rather primitive type of hand-loom, fitted in what was once the village blacksmith's workshop, Angus Litster started work on supplying exclusive pattered tweeds to customers' own choice—fine dress material for ladies and spitings for men. Generally, the patterns are created by Mr. Litster, but sometimes customers have their own particular pattern which he will make up for them exclusively. When he does this, the pattern is never repeated.

There are now three looms at work on exclusive materials and designs, keeping Angus Litster, his wife and assistant busy five-and-a-hallf days a week satisfying tourists who are one of their regular customers.

The dyed wool from which the cloth is woven is sent especially down from Scottish Highlands to the little weaving establishment at Bovey Tacy where tourists from all over the world call and order their lengths of material. When the tweed is ready, it is sent direct to the client's address.

PHENOMENA BELOW FREEZING POINT

BY PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE, F. R. S.

FROSTS are now becoming comland. Why are they so importmon. even in southern Euggant? Why does it matter more when the temperature falls below zero degrees Centigrade or 32 degrees Fahrenheit than when it falls below 20 degrees or minus 20. The answer is because water is the commonest substance which undergoes a change of state within the temperature range where human life is possible. By a change of state is meant a change between solid and liquid, or liquid and gas, more rarely a change between solid and gas, skipping the liquid state. Most pure substances change very abruptly from one state to another.

The freezing point, however, does not depend only on temperature, but on pressure. Most liquids get denser when they freeze. For example, when one melts lead or solder the solid unmelted part remains at the bottom of the pot, though there is a thin skin at the top where the surface is cooled by the air. In consequence, if you squeeze molten lead you tend to force it back in to the solid form. In other words, the melting point of lead rises with pressure. But water behaves differently. Ice is lighter than water. That is to say, water expands when it freezes. It even starts to expand a little before it freezes.

Why We Slide On Ice

This has a number of consequences. If ice were heavier than water it would fall to the bottom of ponds and of the sea. Shallow ponds would freeze solid. So would the Arctic Ocean. And very likely there would be ice at the bottom of even the tropical oceans. In fact the whole earth would probably be a lot colder; and perhaps Venus, which is a good deal warmer than the earth, would be a more suitable place for living beings. On the other hand, frosts would be less dangerous to traffic. The main reason why we slide on ice is apparently that local pressure causes it to melt, so it does not give us as solid a footing as an equally smooth surface of wood or metal.

It is not so sure whether the other menace of frost to town dwellers, namely, burst pipes, would be any less serious. When the water freezes in a pipe, it bursts the pipe by expanding, particularly if some water is trapped between two blocks of ice. We do not notice the burst until the thaw occurs. But we may be able to prevent it, not only by leaving taps dripping, but by heating up a frozen pipe the moment the water stops flowing, if we can find out where the ice has formed. It is not only water pipes that are smashed by frost. Wet ground, and even wet rocks, are split. The sharp-edged pebbles so produced in mountains and in the Arctic are quite characteristic. So is a peculiar type of soil produced when the stones and earth on a hillside have been loosened by frost, and the soil frozen so deep that when springs comes and the surface melts, the water cannot sink into it and the surface laver slides down.

Geologists can recognise this type of deposit, which is called coombe rock in Southern England, where it was formed during the ice age, and accumulated in valleys in the downs just beyond the range of the great ice sheets which covered much of the country.

When water-logged soil, such as a Siberian Tundra, frezes, it first expands; but with severe frost it contracts again, and cracks form, often with a loud bang. These fill with ice, which does not melt next spring; and the cracks may grow till they are two yards across. Frost also forms peculiar rings of stones on the surface. Apparently heat leaks out quicker through a solid stone than through soil, so ice forms under stones and lifts them to the surface. In the Arctic there are no earthworms to counteract this process. Stones are heaved up above the soil, and a further action of the frost, about which there is a good deal of dispute, arranges them in rings. These, and other peculiar types of soil due to frost, have been found buried below the ordinary soil in many European countries.

Effect On Living Beings

The most serious effect of frost is on living beings. They all consist mostly of water, and when this freezes they are at best in great danger. Nevertheless, some can stand freezing. Of course a fish in a block of ice is not necessarily frozen. For living stuff contains enough salts and other things dissolved in it to lower its freezing point well below that of fresh water. Curiously enough, those simple organisms, such as some plants and bacteria, which will survive freezing, are safest if they are made extremely cold, in fact brought down to liquid air temperatures. At temperatures a little below freezing point the ice molecules can still move a little, and arrange themselves in large crystals, which destroy the organic structure. At very low temperatures crystals can no more grow in ice than they can in glass at ordinary temperatures.

Most of our plants have by now shed their leaves, and those which have not are protected by special chemicals In fact most leaves of winter evergreens such as holly and spruce are full of oil and resin which will not freeze and contain very little water. But unfortunately these frost-resistant liquids will burn. That is why Christmas trees and holly branches can rather easily catch alight, and it is safer to decorate them with electric bulbs than with candels. I suppose that every winter these anti-freeze mixtures in leaves are responsible for a few human deaths, mostly of children, from burning. The anti-freeze compounds used in car radiators also kill a few people who drink them, particularly when they are used for adulterating cheap spirits. In England frost is not much more than a nuisance. In the northern parts of the Soviet Union it is one of the main natural conditions to be fought. Even the principles of architecture are quite different where in a few winters frost can heave the foundations of a house out of the ground.

The year is sharply separated into two parts, during which people have very different kinds of life. A Soviet town planner must think of both, and the conquest of the Arctic so that ordinary people can be as useful and happy in winter as in summer is one of the many problems which the Soviet Union is solving.

MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE

Soviet Artist Explains His Tecqnique

(Interview with Georgii Motovilov, well-known Soviet Sculptor)

The studio of Georgii Motovilove, Soviet sculptor, is located in a quiet Moscow bystreet, in the Krasnava Presnya district.

A huge clay sculptor from which a monument to the great Russian writer Anton Chekhov is to be cast, is what first catches the eye of the visitor to the studio. It shows Chekhov sitting deep in thought, his figure slightly inclined forward, his shoulders somewhat compressed and head thrust backward. His hands, crossed, rest on his knees and his gaze is directed to the future.

"This monument of Anton Chekhov cast in bronze", said the sculptor, "is to be erected next year in Strastnoi Boulevard in Moscow, near the street which bears the writer's name".

To mould a portrait of the great Russian writer meant making initial sketches and models to work from, the sculptor said and produced some small figures that represented the early projects of the monument.

"I endevoured", said Motovilov, "while retaining maximum likeness in outer features, to make the spectators feel Chekhov's peculiar personality and character, as man and writer,—his lyricism and subtle irony, his dream of bright future. The composed pose has enabled me to put stress on the work of the brain so that thought is reflected not only in the eyes and face of the writer but in his whole manner and in his beautifully artistic hands".

A narrow staircase led to the sculpteor's study. There amids books, and piles of thick folders with drawings stood a small figure—a sketch for a monument of the late Alexei Tolstoi, eminent Soviet writer A bronze cast of the monument has already been made and it is to be erected shortly in Moscow. The writer is depicted sitting in an easychair, his right hand flung over the back of the chair and his left resting on his knee.

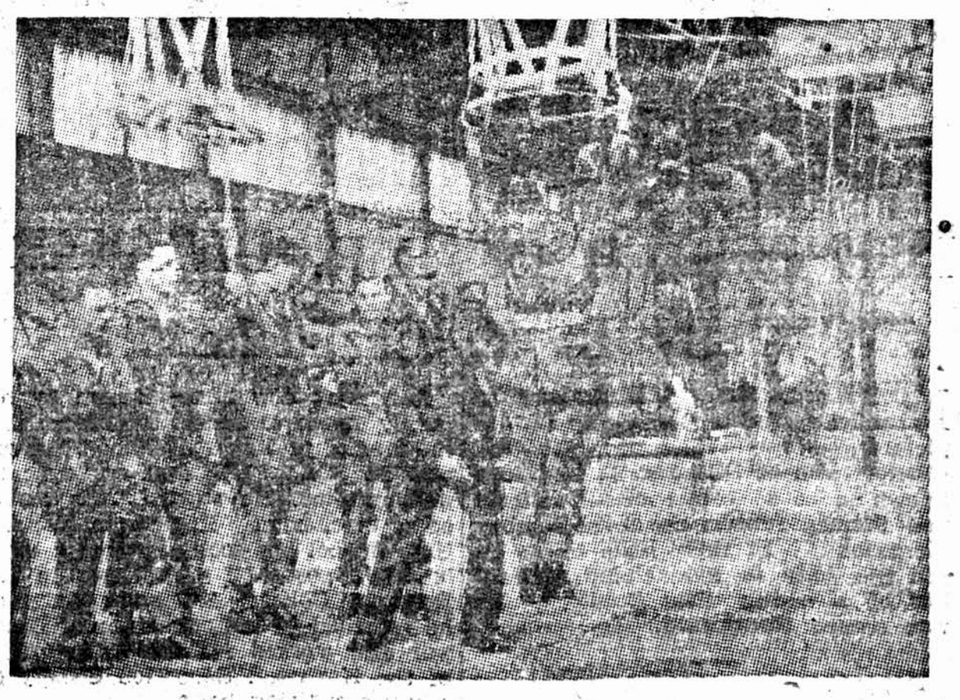
"Monumental art", says Motovilov, "prefers epic language and the more lucid and plain the idea of the sculptor, the more claim has his work on the monumental.

The principal distinguishing feature of Soviet monumental sculpture is its contemporaneity", he continued. "Soviet artists know how to find beauty and grandeur in the life surrounding them and do not seek for them in abstractinages. Soviet Sculptor tries to express ideas that are kin to the people. Hence we always speak a common language with the masses, the language of the people.

Life as it is, and the best that is in it which is man's creative labour is what furnishes the subjects for my sculptures In my decorative, monumental relief work for the Electrozavodskaya underground station in Moscow and for the main entrance to the All-Union Agricultural Fair I endeavoured to show how labour exalts man and how wonderful man is when he regards labour as a matter of honour, valour and heroism".

TRAINING OF AIRBORNE FORCES AT ALDERSHOT

PARACHUTE VOLUNTEERS CLIMBING A 12-FOOT WALL



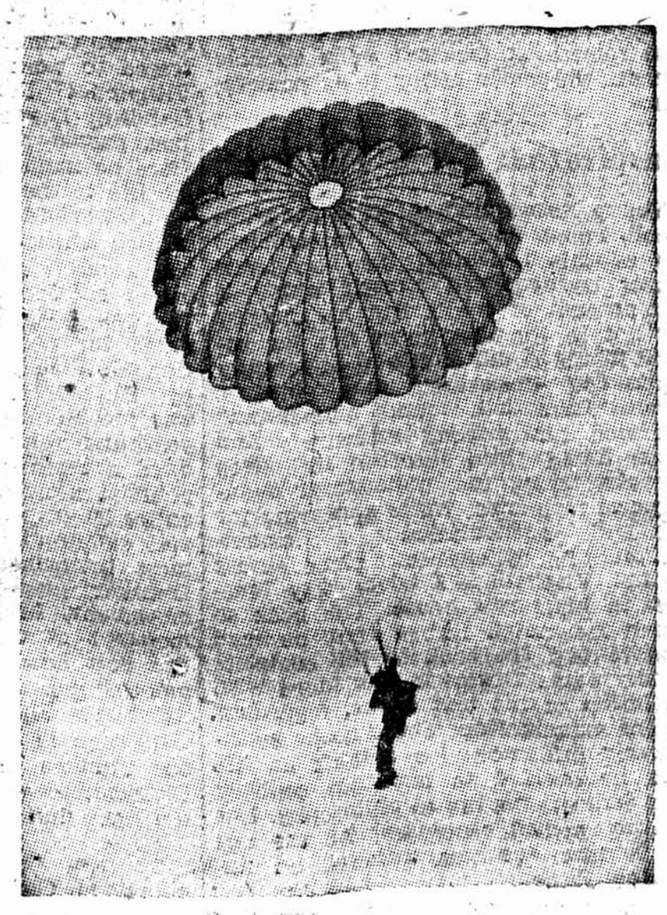
A PUPIL UNDERGOING INSTRUCTION IN THE APPROACH TO THE PARACHUTE ROLL. HERE THE PUPIL LEARNS HOW TO FALL TO LESSEN THE HOCK WHEN HE REALLY JUMPS.

Parachutist In Making

A soldier who wishes to become a parachutist volunteers for a tour of duty of three years with Airborne Forces. At the end of his tour he returns to his parent regiment and may volunteer for a further tour after an interval of two years. All parachute volunteers are sent to Airbourne Forces Depot, Aldershot where they spend two weeks on a pre-parachute training and selection course. This course consists mainly of physical training and medical psychiatric examinations on the successful completion of this course the volunteers go to the Parachute Course Administrative Unit for parachute training at the Parachute and Glider Training School, R.A.F.

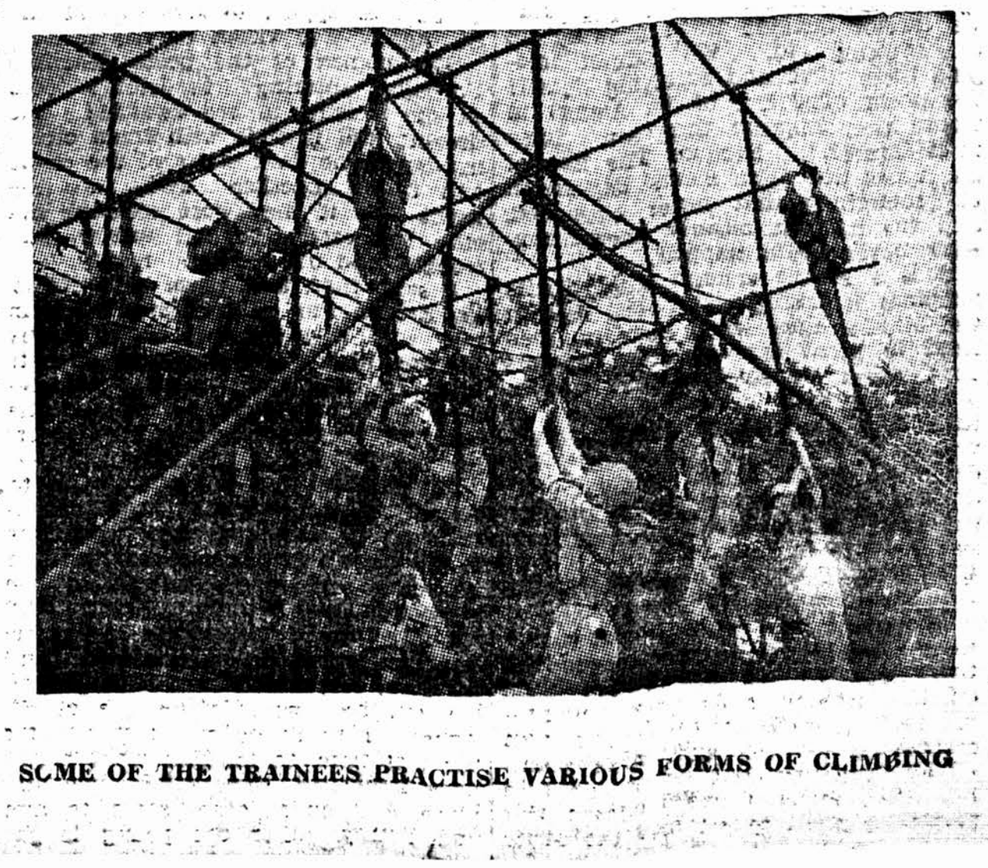
At Upper Heyford near Oxford for one month. Here the training is conducted by R.A.F. instructors. The course consists of a period of ground training during which the volunteer is taught the safe and correct methods of making exits from aircraft and ground landings. This is followed by the eight parachute descents required to qualify as a trained parachutist. The first two jumps are made from a static balloon and the remainder are made from aircraft. Every man is free to withdraw his applications as a parachute volunteer at any time up to the completion of his last qualifying jump.

The Block And Tackley Equipment



A Descent By a R A F. Instructor

THE BLOCK AND TACKLE EQUIP MENT. HERE THE PUPIL PRACTISES FLIGHT AND LANDING. THIS IS A TRELLIS WORK FROM WHICH THE PUPIL SWINGS AND LANDS.



SOME OF THE TRAINEES PRACTISE VARIOUS FORMS OF CLIMBING

From School Teacher To Deputy Ministership

LIFE SKETCH OF R. R. DIWAKAR

By L. Y. Chandoke

NOT far in the South, about 85 miles to the East of Goa and in picturesque hilly region lies the tiny district town of Dharwar. It has been known to be a centre of all cultural and literary renaissance of the Bombay Karnatak. In this little town a son was born to Ramachandra Diwakar of a middle class family. He was named Ranganath.

Ranganath Ramchandra nicknamed 'Ranga'. Ranga was the third child of the parents. He spent his childhood in the rural surroundings in the suburbs of Dharwar and gradually shaped himself into a full grown boy fearless but at the same time obstinate. Little Ranga must have made himself often quite unpleasant to his parents for his obstinacy. But this is but one quality which was destined to blossom into what was later on to be called by various names like tenacity of purpose persistence and perseverance. For so long as this habit of clinging to one's notions is unpleastnt to others or brings failure in its wake it is named as obstinacy but the moment it results into something pleasant or a sizeable success the world terms it as perseverance.

Inspiration From The Past

Young Ranga had to go to Belgaum Hubli, Poona and Bombay to complete his education. During his academic career he acquitted himself with a fair amount of credit. But his interest lay not in the text books but far beyond in the realm of Hindu philosophy Kannada literature and history. Swami Ramatirth and Viveanand charmed him beyond measure and often found him absorbed in deep thought trying to understand metaphysical mysteries. While appearing for the matriculation examination, he by chance came across Swami Vivekanand's book, "My Master" in his host's house. The book so much fascinated Ranga that he read and re-read the book to the complete family name Diwarkar was faced with exclusion of his text books, regardless of the examination. These books considerably influenced his outlook on life and he decided to maintain celibacy and dedicate his life to philosophy. But destiny wished otherwise! At the age of 24 marriage was inflicted on unwilling Ranga.

Ranga by now better known by his family name Diwarkar was faced with the task of finding a livelihood. He was now an M.A., LL.B. and academically well-qualified. He started his career as a teacher of English in Victoria High School but soon captured a more lucrative post of a professor in the Rajaram College, Kolhapur. Later on he returned to is home town of Dharwar and worked for the Arts College of the Karnatak Education Society on a self-cacrificing basis.

Plunge Into Politics

Then came a sudden but not unexpected turn in his life. He had been following the political events of the country with a very deep interest. The speeches and activities of Shri Aravind and Lokmanya Tilak had fired his imagination. With the appearance of Gandhiji on the Indian stage things were changing rapidly. Diwakar was pulled irresistibly by Gandhiji's saint-like austerity and towering personality He got the first glimpse of this great man in 1918 at the Bijapur Provincial Political Conference when he volunteered to work at the camp of Shree Vithalbhai Patel the President and Gandhiji Diwarkar had at that time just passed his M. A. examination. Here he made up his mind to devote his life to the cause of the nation and plunged headlong into politics. The British authorities received him with the usual 'warmth' which was accorded to all Congressmen of those days. He was jailed for sedition—another name for poining the Nno Co-operation Movement. In 1923 he was released. But Diwakar was obstinate and was incarcerated again for about two years and released in 1926. Then followed a remarkable period of feverish political activity which stormed the entire length and breadth of Karnatak and culminated in the spread of a most intensive type of satyagraha. Diwakar played a leading role in this movement. In 1930 following in the footsteps of Gandhiji, Diwakar broke the Salt Law and was awarded six months' imprisonment. Two years later he started and conducted the No-Tax Campaign in Ankola, Sirsi and Siddapur Talukas in the North Karnatak District and was kept behind the prison bars during 1932-34.

By now Diwakar had considerably impressed Gandhiji with his indomitable will and unflinching tenacity of purpose into which his early obstinacy had by now shaped itself. Gandhiji recognised him as a true and trustworthy disciple of his cult.

Rita Hayworth the famous film star, and her daughter, seen boarding the liner Brittanic at New York, en route to England.

The proof of it came in 1941 when Gandhiji selected him for his Individual Satyagraha Campaign for Civil Disobedience. The selection of men for this campaign was severely restricted to only such men who in the opinion of Gandhiji truly believed in his political principles and ways of life.

The last imprisonment came in 1944 when the gigantic freedom movement was launched under the leadership of Gandhiji Diwakar took a leading part and remained underground until 1944 when he surrendered himself according to Gandhiji's directions to the authorities and was imprisoned for a year.

Sincereity Of Purpose

Diwakar in all spent nine precious years of his life in jail. This fact alone is sufficient to reflect his character and varied qualities—one not unimportant of them being the quality of steadfastness and single-minded devotion to the cause he espoused. Extreme type of physical, financial and domestic worries could not bend his iron will. Once he had decided to remain with the Congress nothing could deter him nothing could make him retrace his steps.

Diwakar's sincerity of purpose was often praised by his co-workers in the political field. In his own province he enjoyed the widest confidence of the people. In 1926 he was elected General Secretary of the Karnatak Provincial Congress Committee and held that important office till 1929 when he was elected President of this body. He continued to be the president till 1934. He is now a member of the A.I.C.C. Constitution Sub-Committee and the Constituent Assembly of India.

Though deeply engrosed in his political activities, Diwarkar still finds sufficient time to devote himself to literary and journalistic pursuits. His record in this field is fairly impressive. In 1921 he started "Kamaveer" a Kanada Weekly at Dharwar and personally edited the weekly all alone except his sporadic breaks when he was jailed. In 1923 he edited an English Weekly called "Navashakti". In 1935 he started in Hubli the National Literature Publication Trust now called "People's Education Trust" and took over the "Samyukta Karnatak", a Kannada daily of Belgaum. It was then removed to Hubli as a better centre. He is still running these two papers as their sole trustee.

The Literary Field

Diwakar drank deeply at the waters of ancient Hindu philosophy and culture. He made an intensive scholarly study of the Upnishads and the Geeta and wrote a string of books on these and allied subjects. Besides, some of his books deal with current topics. Important among the second category of publications are "Prant Bhasha and Rashtra Bhasha"; "Rashtriya Shiksha"; Nation's Call"; "Life of Sri Rama Krishna"; "Behind the prison Bars." His English book 'Satyagraha its history and technique has come out in its American edition very recently. His book "Glimpses of Gandhiji" and Upnishads are still under print. Most of his publications are in Kannada language of which he has been a fervent champion. He presided over the 23rd Annual Session of the Kannada Sahitya Parishad (Literacy Conference) in 1935 at Bellary.

Ranganath Ramchandra Diwakar is A QUIET TYPE of unassuming thinker who lives modesty simple habits and solitude. A sincere and relentless fighter he has preferred to stay in the background Gita has been his constant companion and solace throughout his life. He is probably one of the best representatives of Gandhian tradition and philosophy and all that it stands for. His great pride is that he followed and served with the humlity of a disciple one of the greatest sons of India, the late Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

THE POET TELLS A STORY:

John Keats' 'The Eve Of St. Agnes'

This is the story of the romantic but imaginary past. It might be described, says RONALD FULLER, as a day-dream of the poet Keats, in which he imagined 'what might have happened, some other time and place, and under other stars,' to him and the young girl whom he loved

I am going to talk about a poem which is a story of the past—but of a past which never existed; of an imaginary past. The characters in it are like figures in a dream; we cannot imagine them growing up or growing old. We cannot imagine them alive and suffering outside the poem (The Eve of St. Agnes) in which they appear; they are fixed in it forever. Because The Eve of St. Agnes was John Keats' day-dream of something that never happened, and (as he, too, bitterly knew himself) never could happen.

It is a simple enough story, Keats imagines it taking place, long ago, in the Middle Ages, when powerful men lived in great castles, and knights rode about in steel armour, with plumes on their helmets. One of these knights, a youth named Porphyro, is in love with Madeline, the daughter of his worst enemy. He decides, one night, to climb into the the castle where Madeline lives, and risk his life in meeting her.

ON THIS PARTICULAR JANUARY NIGHT"

The night he choosed is a rather special one. It is St. Agnes' Eve. Now there was an old superstition that, on this particular January night—provided they went through certain ceremonies —young girls were granted a vision in sleep of their future husbands. Porhyro has chosen this particular night to get into the castle partly because he knew there was to be a great feast there, and so the soldiers would not be keeping a very close guard, but of cource, chiefly to be able to appear to Madeline as the St. Agnes' Eve vision of her lover.

The climax of the poem describes Porphyro entering Madeline's room as she is lying in bed awaiting the dream; and it ends with them creeping down the dark stairs of the castle and riding together away into the night —as if they were escaping not only the castle, but all sorrow, and trouble, and old age, and reality.

I said that this poem was Keats' day-dream. For he had just fallen in love with a young girl called Fanny Brawne who was living next door to him. He had been reading Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and the story of these two star-crossed lovers had reminded him of his own.

Romeo died, and his love turned to tragedy; and Keats knew that he himself, was ill with a disease which was to kill him in just over a year; he had no money; he was tortured by the conviction that Fanny Brawne did not love him in the way he loved her. So, like Romeo, he, to, would die; and his love, too, would turn a tragedy.

When he wrote "The Eve of St. Agnes", I think he was trying, for the last time, to imagine what might have happened, some other time and place, and under other stars. to him and Fanny. For the young knight Pirphyro is Keats; and Madeline is Fanny; and their meeting their passion, their escape—all these are a dream of the impossible.

I daresay it is because this is a story of a might-have-been a vision of something that could not ever happen that there seems to be a kind of veil between us and its beauty and serenity. It is rather as it one were looking into a picture of real people not at the real people themselves.

Keats knew how bleak his own short life was to be what suffering and unhappiness surrounded his bright day-dream. I have sometimes wondered if that was, perhaps, why he pictured the love of Porphyro and Madeline in the middle of cold and darkness. All round the glowing centre of the story is that darkness and cold.

The poem begins with the two most shudderingly icy verses in the English language:

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass.
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numo were the bedsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censor old,
Seemed taking fight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith
His prayer he saith, this patient holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle, by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seemed to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

And this is how it ends:

Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar,
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.
They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;

(Continued on page 17)

Indo-Indonesian Link In Dance Drama

JAVANESE DANCERS DOING THE 'COURT DANCE'.

The Stage-play called 'wayang-wong' which is a later development of the Shadow-play: the common 'waywang-koelit', may be called drama in the European sense of the word. There is however, a fundamental difference between the Indonesian type of drama and the European. For as European drama is performed by "acting", classical Indonesian drama finds its right expression in "dancing". We have characterized the shadow-play 'wayang' as "performed history", in similar manner we could call the stage-play 'Wayang Wong' or "danced story." It properly combines pantomime or ballet with drama, a form of art, which is nowhere to be found in the Occident. The repertory of this danced-drama is derived from the same sources as the 'Wayang' shadow play, namely, the Indian Epics, the 'Mahabharata' and the 'Ramayana' the historic tales of the various dynasties, who have ruled over different areas of Java and Sumatra and some new compositions, the 'Lhakon Tjarangan' so called because the heroes and heroines, of the aforementioned epics are viewed in a new untraditional light. ('Lhakon' means Tale and 'Tjarangan' is Imagination). Fiction is never portrayed in traditional plays, so the characters and the plot of the story remain within traditional boundaries. However the repertory gives ample scope for the greatest variations, and it enjoys a popularity among the Indonesian people, as no classical literature ever succeeded in doing. Only the two voluminous Indian epics could have given enough stock for hundreds of dramatized stories. The reason for its immense popularity lies in the moral implicit in every story. Particularly dialogues which give evidence of great wisdom and a deep philosophy are highly appreciated. Older than the 'Koran', the Holy Book of Islam, the dramas constitute the Book of Morals, the "Bible" of the Indonesians. Even now, when the greater part of the population professes the Islamic religion the classical dramas still command their influence over the population. It is significant for a people, of which 90 per cent of the inhabitants are illiterate, that their high moral standards have been built up not by books, but by dramatic plays. Imagine the English people 90 per cent illiterate, never having read Shakespeare or Milton, nor translations from Goethe, Schiller or Racine but having seen all of Shakespeare's plays acted on the stage, and knowing many pieces by heart

SUNG BY DHALANG

A traditional dramatic play begins with an introductory recital sung by the 'Dhalang' or story-teller, and accompanied by 'gamelan' music. The actors appear dancing on the stage, first the King followed by the Grand Vazier, then the Royal dignitaries, the Royal family and at last the servants or soldiers. The King discusses matters concerning his country and people. The first scene passes with the arrival of a courtier, who brings the sad news, that a foreign army, consisting of brutal giants and demons are invading the country. Immediately measures are taken to oppose the advancing enemy. A general is sent to the battlefield, and orders are given to other officers, and knights as also to the women.

ENTER PRIEST

The second act brings the spectator to another scene. A priest, who dwells in the woods in order to dedicate himself to undisturbed meditation, tells his grandson that the latter has finished his education and should go to the King in the town and offer his services at the court. It must be added for a better understanding, that a Priest in the classical sense of the word, is not only a teacher in spiritual knowledge, but also in military science, including the handling of arms, horse-riding, cart-driving, general strategy. The conception of 'Ksatriya' has very much in common with that of a knight in the Middle Ages. So the priest, at once grandfather and teacher, gives the 'Ksatriya' his last advice and bids him farewell. When the young man takes his leave the curtain drops on the second act.

Third Act. Meanwhile hot fighting ensues between the royal forces and the demons. Battalion after battalion of the royal forces is defeated and has to withdraw. These fighting scenes are performed by dancers, who vividly carry out duels including fist-fights and armed combat with spears, bludgeons and bows and arrows. Also the 'gamelan' plays a powerful melody, which colourfully illustrates the fierceness of the fight. At length the officers flee in disorder and give their account to the King. When asked the Royal Adviser is of the opinion, that the King must leave his palace and take refuge in the woods.

FIGHT IN FULL SWING

The 4th Act shows a woodland scene in which the Royal family and followers are gathered. They soon meet a stranger, a nobleman, who is on his way to court. The 'Ksatriya' is greatly embarrassed on hearing that he stands face to face with the King himself. But he immediately recovers and places his military skill at the service of the Royal army. If only the King would give his consent he would try his luck on the battlefield. So he begins to gather the scattered forces and engages the enemy in a surprise attack.

The fifth Act shows us these fights in full swing and accompanied by music. Short dialogues precede the fighting dances and often, as in love scenes songs are performed by the actors. Here is a specimen of such dialogues:

Giant: "Who the hell are you stranger, that you dare to stand in my way!

Ksatriya: "Take it easy, giant. I'm going to put a stop to your brutality!

Giant: "Mind your own business! And beat it like hell, if you want to live.

Ksatriya: "No Ksatriya will ever show his back to the enemy. You'd better leave this country or I'll blow your head off!"

Giant: "Ho, that is plain talk. But don't try to outwit me with your boasting."

Ksatriya: "I mean what I say."

Giant: "Look at my arms! I could twist your back on my knee."

Ksatriya: "Your strength will be of no use to you."

Giant: "I would swallow you alive."

Ksatriya: "It would be fatal for you. I would tear your belly open."

Giant, (growing angry): "Hi, prepare for your death. You'll have no time to say your prayers."

Ksatriya: "I'm ready. Go ahead!"

At this moment the kettledrums are sounded followed by other instruments.

This is the kind of dialogue people like very much. It is plain language without any kind of twist to it. The fact, that the language used in those dialogues is no vernacular, but the so-called 'Dhalang' language proves specially attractive to the people.

Returning to your story, we see the 'Kastriya' succeeds in defeating the giants.

In the 6th and last Act the royal family, the dignitaries and the knights are happily united again in the palace. Of course the hero of the story who turns out to be Arjuna, his brother or his son, gets the reward for his courage. The daughter of the King, the beautiful princess given to him as his wife and a grand wedding party is arranged, for the 'Ksatriya' has saved the country from a great disaster.

DANCE AS WAR PROPAGANDA

Stories of this kind enjoy tremendous popularity among the masses of the people. The present political happenings throw a new light on such dance-dramas, and the characters of evil which directly threaten the very existence of the nation, given inspiration to new compositions, in which the characters and plot symbolically represent the political figures and intrigues of nowadays. Dasamoeka, the giant with the ten heads from the 'Ramayana' is generally considered as the embodiment of evil, despotism, sensuality and lust for power, so the symbol of fascism and imperialism. Dasamoeka yith his ten tongues surpasses in slyness even the diplomat with the double tongue! (Dasa=ten. moeka=face).

By means of drama millions of people have been informed of the political conditions in the country. And by means of plays they have been instructed in how to take their stand, and to follow in the steps of the heroes in the story.

Drama has always been the source of the moral standards of the Indonesians; it is their code and bible, from which they can extract their philosophy and attitude towards life.

In these dramas, human vices and virtues in varying shades and in correlation are vividly pictured. Courage and cowardice, faith and treason, chivalry and brutality, self-sacrifice and coveteousness, modesty and voluptuousness, chastity and dissoluteness, sense of duty and carelessness are subjects for daily discussion after a night spent at a dramatic show.

MORALE BUILDER

Drama is the great moral builder of the Indonesian people, and it fills an important place in the life of the Indonesians.

The soul of classical Indonesian drama is music and dance. The music is used as an accompaniment to the dance, and as an illustration, prelude and interludes. It plays a part similar to the music in the movies. Above the music the voice of the 'Dhalang' gives the necessary elucidation and also announces the next scene.

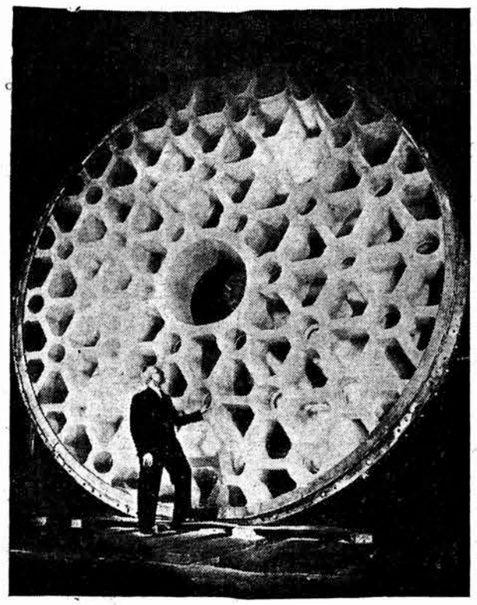
So the 'Dhalang' is at the same time manager, interpreter and herald. Dance takes the place of acting in these plays. It is in fact rhythmic acting, as a musical development of theatrical gestures. We will see later, that in a further development, as soon as the merits and possibilities of the physical expression of emotions have been recognised, dance has freed itself from the usual pattern of dramatic plays and become an independent art.

In classical drama songs are incidental interpolations. There is however a form of drama, in which songs entirely take the place of the dialogue. At the court of Prince Mangkunegoro in Solo, Central Java, a typical play, called 'Langendriya' prevails, in which music, dance and song are interwoven into a theatre art of high aesthetic qualities. 'Langendriya' is the dramatised story of an episode from the history of a Javanese Kingdom called Madjapahit. This romantic story is as follows:—

King Brawidjaja the Second died leaving no son to succeed him to the throne. So, his only daughter Dewi Subasiti proclaimed herself Queen and adopted the title Ratu Ayu, which literally means "beautiful queen." Menak Djingga, prince and ruler over Blambangam, and former vassal of Madjapahit seized the opportunity to declare himself free. By conquering and annexing the lesser principalities in the environs, he continually enlarged his territory. The possession of a magical bludgeon, cast of yellow iron made him invulnerable, and he believed that no human being could ever defeat him. So he grew bolder and at last he desired to be King over Madjapahit and make Ratu Ayu his Queen. A special envoy was sent to the Queen, with the threat, that if Ratu Ayu would ever reject his proposal he would bring death and destruction over the country. It was indeed an extraordinary suit and Menak Djinggo, the ambitious lover, had as a matter of fact his strong division close at hand to back his imperialistic aspirations. The proposal was promptly rejected and so Menak Djinggo's forces rushed in upon the strategic points of Madjapahit. In a short while the prince was master of the situation. When in the ensuing clashes the best generals of the Queen were killed, the situation for Madjapahit became critical. However on the edge of despair, Ratu Ayu was divinely inspired that only Damar Wulan a nobleman and descendant of the former Regent could save the country from the great disaster. So the youth, who earned his living as a grass-cutter was searched for and located at the house of his uncle Logendher, the Regent at that time. He was sent to the battle-field. But instead he went straight to the camp of the invading prince, where he succeeded in stealing the miraculous bludgeon with the aid of a harem woman. Menak Djinggo discovered the stranger in his harem, became furious and challenged Damar Wulan to a duel. The fight took place, but without his bludgeon Menak Djinggo was no more invulnerable. He was defeated and cut off with his sword. Damar Wulan took the head and bludgeon with him and returned victoriously to Madjapahit. Of course, he married Ratu Ayu.

A GIRL STUDENT OF THE THACKERSEY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN DOING THE 'FALGUN DANCE' AT THE ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING OF THE COLLEGE

ASTRONOMERS OF PALOMAR SCAN HEAVENS



A SCIENTIST TESTS THE 200-INCH TELESCOPE AT MOUNT PALOMAR

200 Inch Telescope To Probe Cosmic Mystery

WHAT practical discoveries will be made a Palomar Observatory? What problems will be solved that will improve man's lot?

Such questions reflect this mechanized society's habit of thinking in terms of applied science—thinking in terms of steam engines, telephones, radio, motion pictures, air planes, synthetic drugs rather than in terms of fundamental science which pursues its inquiries with no practical end in view. The intelligent business man realizes this but contents himself with the belief that something practical in the workaday, technological sense always comes out of fundamental science. Radio came out of the highly theoretical studies of James Clerk Maxwell, synthetic chemistry out of the ruminations of such men as Kekule, our street lights and motors out of Faraday's discovery of electromagnetic induction, the atomic bomb out of studies made to find out how matter is put together. Why, then, should me not expect something equally practical from this new, gigantic optical cyclops on Palomar?

If the history of telescopic astronomy or of the atrophysics is any guide—and it is the only guide we have—nothing of "practical" importance will come out of the discoveries that will be made on Palomar Mountain. Life was not made any easier or business more profitaole after Galileo added to the known universe 500,000 stars which had never been seen before he turned his little telescope on the celestial vault.

The outstanding telescopic observer in the history of astronomy was Sir William Herschel. Yet for al his many discoveries and for all the theories that he advanced it would be impossible to prove that he had lightened man's lot.

Man does not live by telephones, airplanes and atomic energy alone. If he did, foundations established by nard-headed millionaires would not have contributed a dollar to the cost of the 2000 inch. Hale telescope on Palomar Mountain. Astronomy and astrophysics would be left to industry for development. We may be worried by the possibility of waging a world war which will be even more terrible than was the last, we may demand rocket-propelled aircraft that will carry us across the Atlantic in three hours, but we also ask questions that have engrossed philosophers, poets and priests ever since primitive men wondered what happened to the sun when it set as a fiery ball into the sea and what held the stars in place.

The supreme task of science is to interpret the universe, to discover how it began, to explain the evolution of stars, to relate man to his cosmic surroundings. It is to the performance of this task that the scientists who are to use the 200-inch mirror will address themselves.

Science would be a sorry discipline if it limited itself to utilitarian discoveries. We can no more do without an interpretation of the firmament than we can do without poetry or music. It is as necessary to satisfy spiritual longings as it is to meet the demands of practical life. The great instrument on Palomar Mountain was built for the same reason that we build great cathedrals, compose great symphonies, paint great pictures that testify to the awe with which we beheld a distant mountain-range in a rare moment.

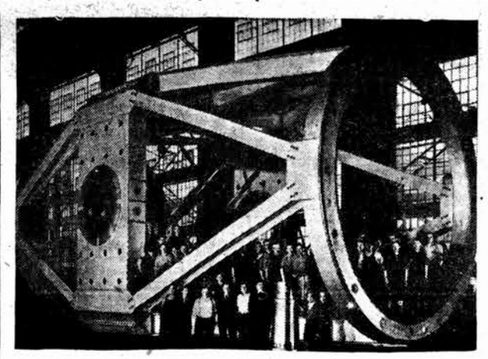
CHANGE IN COSMIC OUTLOOK

The most that we can expect from the revelations to be made by the 200-inch telescope is a change in our look can mean we know from the theories developed by Copernicus, Galileo. Newton and Einstein. A new outlook can be socially more disturbing than the introduction of an atomic engine. No practical good came out of Darwin's formulation of his theory of natural selection, yet the theory set the world in a turmoil which has not subsided in Tennessee, where evolution may not be legally taught. It is worth spending $6,500,000 on Palomar if our outlook, our conception of the universe, is to be changed—as it is bound to be.

The number of possible universes is infinite. Only one can be right in the sense that it agrees with what can be observed or tested. Which is it? The astrophysicist must select out of the score or so that have so far been postulated the one that harmonizes best with the facts. How did the stars originate? What is our earth's relation to them? What kind of a universe is it in which the solar system is an insignificant part? How big is it? It may be that we shall never find the definite answers—that we must always content ourselves with new hypotheses. But the quest will go on so long as there are men on earth.

Until the early years of this century the universe was considered infinite in size. The stellar systems of which it was composed were merely parts of a colossal machine. Space was a matter of length, breadth and thickness, so that by enlarging indefinitely an ordinary room we could presumably include all the stars. Today we think in terms of relativity, which means that the universe is closed, that space is not infinite.

With the 200-inch Hale telescope the validity of the relativistic conception of



Though 50 feet long and extremely rigid, the tube of the telescope is comparatively light because of its steel girder construction.

space will be tested as it cannot be tested with the 100-inch mirror of Mount Wilson. The diameter and hence the size of the universe will be measured. Or as Dr. Hubble puts it: "With the 100-inch telescope of Mount Wilson we have only brushed outer space with our finger-tips; with the 200-inch of Palomar we shall grasp it with our hands."

Then there are the stars as such. Even in the last century astrophysicists had to content themselves with descriptions of their shapes and sizes and their brightness. The descriptive stage is past. Today the astrophysicist asks what is the physical state of stars composed of matter heated to millions of degrees and subjected to pressure of millions of tons to the square inch. He knows a little about this state, but he will know more after the 200-inch has been in service for a few years.

MOTION PICTURE OF MARS

Matter evolved to form this earth. So it has long been assumed that stars evolve as plants and animals evolve. But what is the evolutionary sequence? The spectroscope has made it plain that the stars are composed of the same ninety-two elements found on earth. But in what proportion are these elements distributed in the stars? All our astrophysical resources have been taxed to gather the information needed for an answer. New information will pour in upon Palomar.

If the questions asked today have not yet been answered with complete satisfaction, it is because of the limitations of even so great an instrument as the 100-inch mirror of Mount Wilson. The more light that can be funneled to a focus the more definite are the answers to astrophysical questions likely to be. It was to gather more light that the 200-inch telescope of Palomar was built. Hence not much time will be spent in examining the planets with the new telescope. They are bright enough as it is, and the smaller telescopes are in some respects better suited to study their atmospheres than those of large light-gathering power.

Mars may be an exception. For all that has been written about its canals their reality has not yet been established beyond doubt. Like every celestial object, Mars dances in the telescope because of our restless atmosphere. The more disturbed the atmosphere and the more powerful the telescope the more pronounced is this dancing. Protographs have been made of the canals, but they lack the fine detail of drawings made by experienced observers. One of the best observers was the late E. E. Barnard. For all his practice he never could see the canals

The drawings of Mars that have appeared in technical journals were made after a flash of calm, and then from memory. Were the draftsmen the victims of an optical illusion? With the great telescope of Palomar so much light can be focused from Mars that a snapshot can be made. Accordingly, Dr. Edwin P. Hubble has suggested that a motion-picture of Mars would settle the controversy. Out of a thousand "frames" one or two ought to show the planet in an instant when the air was not boiling. If there are canals they cannot escape the film, and the case for intelligent life on Mars will be strengthened.

But it is the distant stars that will primarily engage the astronomers of Palomar. Rays of light come from the depths of the universe and from the near-by sun, and they are much the same as the rays that come from less than a whiff of gas made to glow electrically in a laboratory, as protons, electrons, mesons and perhaps other fundamental particles still to be discovered are excited. The rays are trying to tell us something—trying to tell us how big the universe is, how stars are born and how they decay into black cinders, how they are related to one another.

The first step in deciphering the luminous hieroglyphics of light is a process of analysis. And this is the function of the spectroscope. If the 200-inch mirror is a light-gathering funnel the spectroscope is a sieve. A brilliant image in the focus of the mirror is sifted into its constituent rainbow hues by the spectroscope, so that we have what physicists call a spectrum. The more light that can be gathered the finer is the sifting, the more sharply separated are the colors. In other words, the spectrum of an image must be stretched as far as possible. The spectrum of the sun has been thus spread about fifty feet from red to violet; of the brightest stars about three feet; of the faintest naked-eye stars about one foot. A spectrum shorter than one-tenth of an inch is useless for detailed message-reading. Here the 200-inch comes to the physicist's aid. It gathers four times as much light as the 100-inch of Mount Wilson. Hence a quarter-inch spectrum will be extended to an inch.

STARRY HEAVEN'S MYSTERY

The spectra of different types of stars have long been roughly classified. It is now certain that hydrogen, characterized by a whole series of strong lines in the spectrum, is present in every star. But what of the other elements? There are white stars and red stars, giant stars and dwarf stars, hot stars and cool stars, stars in which matter is fluffy and stars in which it is so densely packed that a thimbleful weighs tons. Do they all contain the same elements? It seems so, but no positive answer can be given. Spectrograms made with the 200-inch mirror ought to answer, and the answer is of importance because a more systematic classification becomes possible.

Just as there are species of plants and animals so are there species of stars. Astrophysicists need a detailed classification of stellar spectra so that they may relate these spectra to size and mass. Why is this important? Because it will be possible to arrange the stars in an evolutionary series, like beads on a string. We can begin with a primordial mass of gas and end with —what? An extinguished cinder. Great blobs of gas with so little matter in them that the best vacuum we can produce is a thick fog in comparison, gigantic suns that stand in majestic isolation, novae or stars that have exploded and thrown out envelopes of glowing gas, stars that flare up and die with clock-like regularity, double stars and triple stars, nebulae that are globes of clustered stars, or mere wisps of light, or rings with a single star in the middle, or ellipses or open spirals —there is no exact evolutionary order in the array. Biologists were once in the same position when confronted by the profusion of animal and plant life. Now they know that man has behind him a slimy, slithery, fishy, scaly, feathery, furry, crawling past.

With the stretched-out spectra that can be obtained with the 200-inch mirror, astrophysicists will speak more confidently of stellar evolution. When the spectral messages to be collected are read we shall have more than a mere glimer of our own relation to billions of other bodies, and we shall be able to trace the history of the solar system with some confidence back to its probable origin and forward to its probable dismal end.

FRONTIER OF THE UNIVERSE

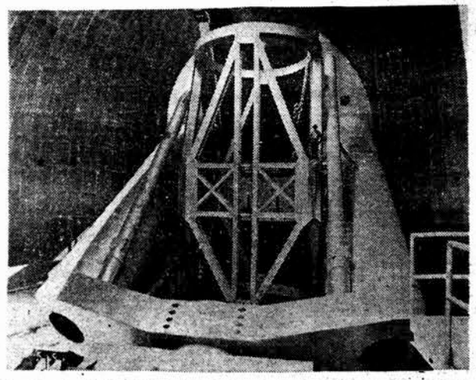
It is from the 200-inch's stretched out spectra, too, that we may learn the dimensions and structure of the universe. Only a few years ago it was assumed that space was infinite and that as it was penetrated by more powerful telescopes more stars would be discovered. It never would have occurred to an astronomer at the beginning of the century to say, "This is the last frontier; this is the end of space and therefore the rim of the universe." Einstein changed this conception of space. It makes sense now to measure the universe, just as it makes sense to measure the circumference of the earth, a performance that would have seemed ridiculous in medieval times.

The distant nebulae seem to be telling us that this is a relativistic universe of the type mathematically developed by the Russian I. Friedmann and the Belgian Abbe G. Lemaitre on the basis of Einstein's theory. This Friedmann-Lemaitre universe is a finite universe, a closed universe from which no ray of light can escape, a universe which some think is blowing up like a soap-bubble.

If we must accept a closed, expanding, relativistic universe what is the evidence in its favor? With the 100-inch Mount Wilson telescope Dr. Hubble reached out half a billion light-years. After near-by nebulae supposed to be masses of gas had been resolved into galaxies, it was fair to infer that the nebulae at the distant frontier of the universe must be similar aggregations of stars. This was not all. Hubble made the discovery that the farthest nebulae amenable to spectroscopic analysis were rushing away at the sensational speed of 24,000 miles a second. This was just what ought to happen if the nebulae were psots on a cosmic soap-bubble blown up by titanic invisible lungs.

How did Hubble deduce that the nebulae were rushing away? He read the messages conveyed by their spectral light. The colors and lines of all spectra are always arranged in the same order. When the colors and lines are shifted out of place there is a reason, and the reason is motion. It had been known for decades that when a star moves toward us the colors and lines shift toward the violet end of the spectrum, and that when the star is moving away the shift is toward the red.

If we think of a light of one color as a single musical note we see an analogy with pitch. A locomotive whistle that comes toward us at high speed howls up; when it rushes away it howls down. So it is with light from a star. It "howls" down as it moves away — "howls" toward the red end of the spectrum. By measuring the



Framework of the 200-inch telescope assembly (center) and its huge supporting mount. An idea of its size can be gained by comparison with the man standing on the steel girder. The construction mount, constructed in Philadelphia, was shipped by water to San Diego and hauled to Mount Palomar by truck and trailer.

change of pitch, that is the amount of shifting to the red or violet, the speed of a star can be determined.

Hubble compared near nebulae with distant nebulae. The near nebulae were moving away slowly, the distant nebulae rapidly. He formulated a simple law that indicated the relation of distance to speed. For every million miles as we proceed outward the speed of recession increases by 100 miles a second. If this progressive increase in speed is real and not an illusion of some kind the universe must be expanding at a fearful and uniform rate. This is the only proof we have that the universe is expanding in accordance with relativistic theory.

Will Hubble's law that speed of recession increases with distance hold good beyond the half-billion light-year frontier established with the aid of Mount Wilson's 100-inch mirror? The 200-inch telescope of Palomar ought to settle the issue; for it will double the radius of the observable region of the universe, bring eight times as many nebulae into photographic view as Mount Wilson's 100-inch can and give us a universe with eight times the volume of the one we know. There will be more speeds of recession to measure —speeds of nebulae that have never been photographed. Without the 200-inch telescope the doubts of skeptics that the red shift means what it seems to mean can never be allayed.

What are the objections of the doubters? They are based on the fact that there is more energy in the violet than in the red end of the spectrum. This is easy to understand when we remember that a red-hot bar of iron is not so hot or vivid as a white-hot bar. Moreover, the cooling whitehot bar, having more energy in the form of light and heat to lose, will glow with a dull red for minutes after the other bar is black. The distant nebulae are not really as red as they seem to be, runs the argument. All their rays have lost energy on a journey that began long before dinosaurs shook the earth. With the loss there was an illusory shift in color to the red. On their journey to the earth the red rays dropped by the wayside; the rays nearer the violent end wearied too, but managed to struggle on as less energetic red rays.

So, as some have suggested, the light that comes from the more distant receding nebulae looks redder than it is because it is tired light. On earth red is the hectic flush of impending death in autumnal foliage; in the distant heavens it is a sign that rays are dying on their long journey. There is no experimental evidence that this "tired light theory" is right or wrong. If astrophysicists must reckon with it whether or not they accept the relativistic view that the universe is expanding at a rate in comparison with which an explosion of TNT seems snail-like.

Even if the "tired theory" is rejected the measurement of the closed universe with the aid of Hubble's findings raises questions. According to the accepted doctrine the universe began expanding 1,800 million years ago from a single, primordial mass of densely packed matter. If the rate of expansion increased with distance the universe was expanding much more rapidly a hundred million years ago than it is today, Hubble points out as he objectively talks about his own conclusions. For the last hundred million years the rate of expansion must have been slowing down.

BATTLE OVER AGE OF UNIVERSE

This gives us a universe much younger than 1,800 million years. It gives us, in fact, a universe only 1,000 million years old. The uranium in the earth's rocks is much older than this: for the rate at which it decays into lead is known. Besides, there are geological reasons for believing that the first simple organisms began to throb with life 1,000 million years ago and that the earth had its oceans and continents too. Because his universe is so young Hubble says himself that "either the measures are unreliable or red shifts do not represent expansion of the universe."

"Doubts are also expressed as to the meaning of Hubble's statistical finding that as we proceed outward the nebulae increase in number. In an infinite universe they ought to scatter as the universe expands, so that fewer of them would be counted in a given volume of space on the frontier. But in a closed universe that is blowing up the apparent increase is just what would be expected, because the same number of stars would seem more crowded than if space were flat. This squeezing together of outer nebulae at the limit of the 100-inch telescope's range argues for a sharply curved and small universe only 1,000 million years old. If ours is indeed a relativistic, expanding, curved universe its age must be reconciled with that of the hoary earth.

There is hope that the message which the spectra of the outer nebulae are sending with the aid of the 200-inch mirror will be read. In a universe with eight times the volume of the one disclosed by Mount Wilson and with more outer nebulae to count, there ought to be unquestionable evidence of crowding together. So Hubble will begin the tedious task of counting nebulae in a sample of the remote that the 200-inch can reach.

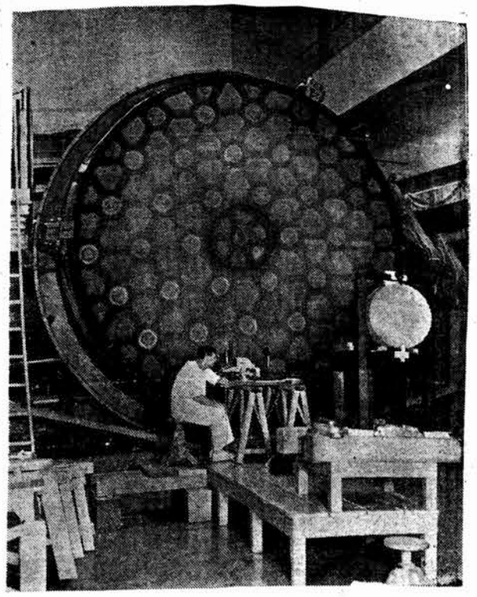
Suppose it turns out that the outer nebulae to be discovered a billion light-years away are not receding at the increased speed postulated by Hubble's law and that the new counts do not prove that the universe is closed, curved and expanding. The Friedmann-Lemaitre theory need not be rejected, but it will have to be accepted on faith for lack of observational support. "A choice is presented as once before in the days of Copernicus between a strangely small, finite universe and a sensibly infinite universe plus a new principle of nature," says Hubble.

PALOMAR GAZES:

WORLD WATCHES

IN the near future the scientists on Palomar Mountain, California, using the fabulous 200-inch Hale telescope, will begin to reveal the secrets of the universe. A highly trained little astronomical and astrophysical community has been installed on the mountain at a cost of $6,500,000 donated by various Rockefeller philanthropies to plumb space for a distance of a billion light years, twice as far as man has ever peered. In the observatory, which was officially opened last May, the scientists and their technicians are carrying out the infinitely fine adjustments and corrections that are essential in the great precision instrument. In a few months the work of photographing the heavens will begin, writes Waldemar Kaempffert in "New York Times" Magazine. The writer is the Science Editor of the "New York Times" and visited the Palomar Observatory recently.

Have We Reached Last Frontier Of Universe?



ANOTHER SCIENTIST TESTING THE TELESCOPE.

The overwhelming issues that challenge every form of "civilised' living are:

★ Are we sufficiently prepared for a set-up wherein nature is allowed to play a preponderant part in the reshaping of our destiny, or

★ Are we to forsake altogether the organised evolution that nature is and its omnipotent forces?

This concluding article on the aforesaid vital issues throws much light on how to combat soil erosion. In this instance, the T.V.A. of America, the Volga and Don of U.S.S.R. are cited as striking examples.

AMITY BETWEEN NATURE AND CIVILISATION

(BY FAIRFIELD OSBORN)

A consideration of the land resources in U. S. A. shows that, other than forests, there are about a billion acres that fall into the three categories of farm croplands, farm pasture lands, and open-range grazing lands. Of these, farm croplands are the largest in area, running to approximately 460 million acres. What has happened in regard to these resources and what is going on now?

The most recent report of the Soil Conservation Service of the government contains a number of pertinent statements. They point to a velocity of loss of the basic living elements of our country which, if continued, will bring upon us a national catastrophe. Already every American is beginning to be affected in one way or another by what is happening. This report indicates that of the above billion acres considerably more than one quarter have been ruined or severely impoverished and that the remainder are damaged in varying degress. Furthermore, the damage is continuing on all kinds of land—cropland, grazing land and pasture land. Here are other highlights in the report:—

The loss we sustain by this continuing erosion is staggering. Careful estimates based on actual measurements indicate that soil losses by erosion from all lands in the United States total 5,400,000,000 tons annually. From farm lands alone, the annual loss is about 3 billion tons, enough to fill a freight train which would girdle the globe 18 times. If these losses were to go on unchecked, the results would be tragic for America and for the world

The results would not only be disastrous—they already are far too costly for the country to continue to bear. For example, in a normal production year, erosion by wind and water removes 21 times as much plant food from the soil as is removed in the crops sold off this land.

Nor is loss of plant food our only expense from erosion. The total annual cost to the United States as a result of uncontrolled erosion and water runoff is estimated at $ 3,844,000,000. This includes the value of the eroded soil material and the plant nutrients it contains, the direct loss sustained by farmers, and damages caused by floods and erosion to highways, railroads waterways, and other facilities and resources.

The loss in the productive capacity of our farms cannot be figured so easily, but it is plain that farm lands which have lost so much topsoil and plant nutrients cannot produce as bountifully as they did before they were slashed and impoverished by erosion.

In that fact lies the significance of America's erosion problem for America's citizens. We do not have too much good cropland available for production of our essential food and fibre crops in the future. If we do not protect what we have, and rebuild the land which can still be restored for productive use, the time inevitably will come—as it already has come to some areas of the world—when United States farm lands cannot produce enough for us and our descendants to eat and to wear.

Reclamation Schemes

The Soil Conservation Service has been in existence only since 1935. It was created by Congress in that year not so much as a result of the government's vision or strategy but principally because the people of this country had been struck with dread by the revulsion of nature against man that was evidenced by the Dust Bowl incident on May 12 of the previous year. On that day, it will be recalled, the sun was darkened from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic by vast clouds of soil particles borne by the wind from the Great Plains lying in western Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, and eastern New Mexico, and Colorado — once an area of fertile grasslands but now denuded by misuse, much of it to the point of permanent desolation.

In the years since its inception this government service has gained extraordinary results in advancing the science of proper land use and in assisting soil conservation districts, set up in all the states under state law, to encourage voluntary and co-operative action among farmers. At best, however, this vital program — one of the most elemental affecting the lives of the people of our country — is only well started.

Appropriations of the Federal Government towards conservation purposes of every nature — soils, forests, wild life, water control, reclamation projects, and others — are "less than one per cent" of the present national annual budget. Even including moneys spent for conservation by individual states, the aggregate of governmental expenditures is but a fraction of what is needed to project the basic elements of our nation's strength.

It would be a grave error to think that the increasing emergency facing our country is easy to meet. Soil erosion is only one factor in a disturbance of continental magnitude. It is the end result of other conditions, both physical and economic, and even social and political.

In its physical aspects, the battle to control soil erosion will not be won until we have reached the point of protecting our forests so that the annual drawing upon them does not exceed their annual growth. A great part of the vast expenditure now being made in flood control will in the years to come be written off as dead loss, unless the watersheds are protected through adequate forest cover and through the curbing of erosion in the grasslands and croplands that lie within them.

BRYSTON SCHOOL: VARIETY OF ART WORK EXECUTED BY THE BOYS AT BRYSTON

So far, we have not come to the point of synchronized effort. Our flood-control engineers are not looking upstream. In the Rio Grande watershed, in New Mexico, for example, flood-control and river development plans are in the making that are estimated to cost more than dollars 100,000,000, regardless of the need for the establishment of a contemporaneous plan for work upon the eroding and silt-producing lands of the abused watershed. This region has been referred to as "the doomed valley, an example of regional suicide". There are other such critical points — too many. The assault on the public lands of the West, if successful, will breed more.

The Misery That Mississipi Brings

How about the valley of the greatest river of them all, the Mississippi, its bed so lifted, its waters so choked, so blocked with the wash of productive lands, that the river at flood crests runs high above the streets of New Orleans? Nature in revolt will one day overwhelm the bonds that even the most ingenious modern engineer can prepare. It should by now be clear that natural forces cannot be dealt with in this way. Like echoes from the long past, there are discernible among the earlier causes that have brought the Rio Grande Vallue to its present difficulties the age-long and disastrous conflict between the herdsman and agriculturist—echoes from the wasted lands of Asia Minor, of Palestine, of Greece and of Spain.

To-day, the story has different overtones. The raids of the herdsman of earlier times find their twentieth-century counterpart in the work of the political pressure groups representing powerful livestock owners in the halls of Congress. Representatives of the lumber industry are there too, striving to effect arrangements so that profits of their corporations may be assured and, if possible, increased. There is nothing unethical about all of this under the present scheme of things. For the moment, it is the American way of doing business. But, in the light of the provable facts, the use of our productive land and our renewable resources—forests, wild life, and waterways—must now be directed solely to the benefit of all the people.

Under our present criminal code anyone who steals food from a groceryman's counter can be put in jail. His act hurts only the proprietor of the store. But, if, for the benefit of his own pocketbook, the owner of timberland at the head of a river source strips the hills of their forests, the net result is that food is taken not from one "proprietor" but from all the proprietors or farm-owners, down the valley, because the removal of forest-cover on an upper watershed will inevitably damage the water supply in the valley below, even to the point of causing the complete drying up of wells and springs. Countless thousands of landowners in America have in this very way been brought to bankruptcy. In the face of such things, how equitable are our present moral codes?

There is nothing revolutionary in the concept that renewable resources are the property of all the people, and, therefore, that land use must be co-ordinated into an over-all plan. This principle has been recognised in other democracies. In several countries, in Western Europe, for example, an individual owning forests can under no circumstances, cut a tree down on his property unless such cutting conforms with the principles of sound forest treatment prescribed by the Forestry Department of his Government. In effect, private ownership of the country's resources is directed towards the interests of the people as a whole.

The T.V.A.'s Example

The United States has, within the last decade, begun to move in this direction. The first step of co-ordinating land resources into a unified programme found expression in the Tennessee Valley Authority created by Congress, after much heart searching, in 1933. This enterprise is an experiment in the unified planning and development of a great river valley and of its water and land resources. It directly affects the lives and fortunes of more than three million people. Ably administered, it has, within the span of little more than a decade, justified itself not only as a social experiment but as an effort to harmonize human needs with the processes of nature. Above all, it provides an example from which lessons can be drawn from the solution of the problem that faces the entire country. The interdependence of all the elements in the creative machinery of nature points clearly to the fact that any programme devised to meet the situation calls for a supreme co-ordinated nation-wide effort. Many conditions are involved—social, financial, political, as well as physical. Such a programme still is awaiting formulation.

The Soviet Government has undertaken what is perhaps the most extraordinary effort of its kind ever made by man. In scope and complexity, it considerably exceeds the Tennessee Valley development in the United States. Part of the bold plan is the attempt to harness and control the Volga River, so that the spring flow, which is equivalent to 70 per cent of the annual flow, can be retained and used for irrigation throughout the season. It is a noteworthy fact that the forests in the upper watersheds of the Volga were so ruthlessly cut in the decades prior to the Revolution that water from melting snow during the spring thaws was not absorbed into the earth but rushed violently seaward, resulting in damaging floods in the spring and lack of water during the rest of the year.

A Project Of Titanic Proportion

It was realized that, if the Volga waters were to be diverted to irrigation, the level of the landlocked Caspian Sea, into which the Volga flows, would fall substantially, because outgo by evaporation would be greater than the water received from the river. This would result in leaving ports, towns, and industries upon the shore-line high and dry, and would severely injure the important fishing industry. A search was then started to find additional water that might be siphoned into the Volga in order to increase its flow sufficiently to keep the Caspian at its normal level.

It was determined to divert the waters of some of the northern rivers that flow into the Arctic Ocean, by a series of dams and reservoirs, into the Volga basin, and even to tap the Don river at a point nearest the Volga, close to the town of Kalach, the level of the Don at that point being higher than the Volga. This plan also had its complications and could be adopted only if it were found that the Don could spare enough water and still retain an adequate supply for its own various functions, including navigation, water supply for the cities lying along its course, and even the protection of the shell-fish beds in the Sea of Azov at the Don's mouth that would not survive any material change in water conditions. Consideration for aquatic resources, a not unimportant source of food supply, is typical of the care that the Russians have taken to observe all of the interrelated factors. All in all, it is a project of titanic proportions.

Question occurred to one. Would this whole costly enterprise be necessary, if so much of the forest-covered slopes of the Volga water-shed had not been ravaged in earlier years? Will the reservoirs eventually be rendered useless by becoming choked and filled with slit as has occurred frequently in the United States? The Russians have been thorough in this plan, that is apparent enough. Have they thought of everything? Nature works as an integer. Is a component part being over-looked? If so, as time goes on, the plan may become another monument to man's lack of understanding. One recalls the great irrigation systems in the pre-Christian era in Mesopotamia, now a desolate and abandoned land. Have we yet learned enough to mould our civilization to the permanent and omnipotent forces of nature?

The efforts of the Soviet Government to gain greater productivity from the land are even extending to the Tundra, that great cold and treeless land that stretches all the way across the entire northern-most part of the country along the Arctic Ocean. Northern Siberia is one of the last few great pioneering lands outside of certain region in the tropics, and into it the Russians have gone and are going in large numbers. The Government has organized programmes of systematic exploration, some for military-strategic reasons but others to find out to what extent land in the far north can be used to support human life.

In The Fringe Of The North Pole

In this remote and forbidding country, the ground is permanently frozen to great depths, even sometimes to 2,000 feet below the surface. However, plant life in the arctic thrives in the active layer of soil that thaws out during the summer, and the Tundra blooms with a riot of verdure during the brief spell of frostless days, varying from 70 to 125 a year. Plant spe-

(Continued on Page 17)

JOHN KEATS' 'THE EVE • OF ST. AGNES'

(Continued from page 12)

Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide;
Where lay the Porter in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side.
The wakeful blood hound rose and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one and one the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
The Key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.
And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe.
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for, slept among his ashes cold.

Did you notice how it began with night and bitter cold and an old, old man shuffling about among the dead men in their tombs? And how it ends, too, with the midnight winds, with witches and demons and coffins and two old people dying? The last word in the poem, and almost the first, too, is the word cold.

But in between is warmth, and passion, and happiness—Keats dream, which was embraced about by the knowledge of death, and by poverty and black despair.

But listen to the dream, the heart of the poem:

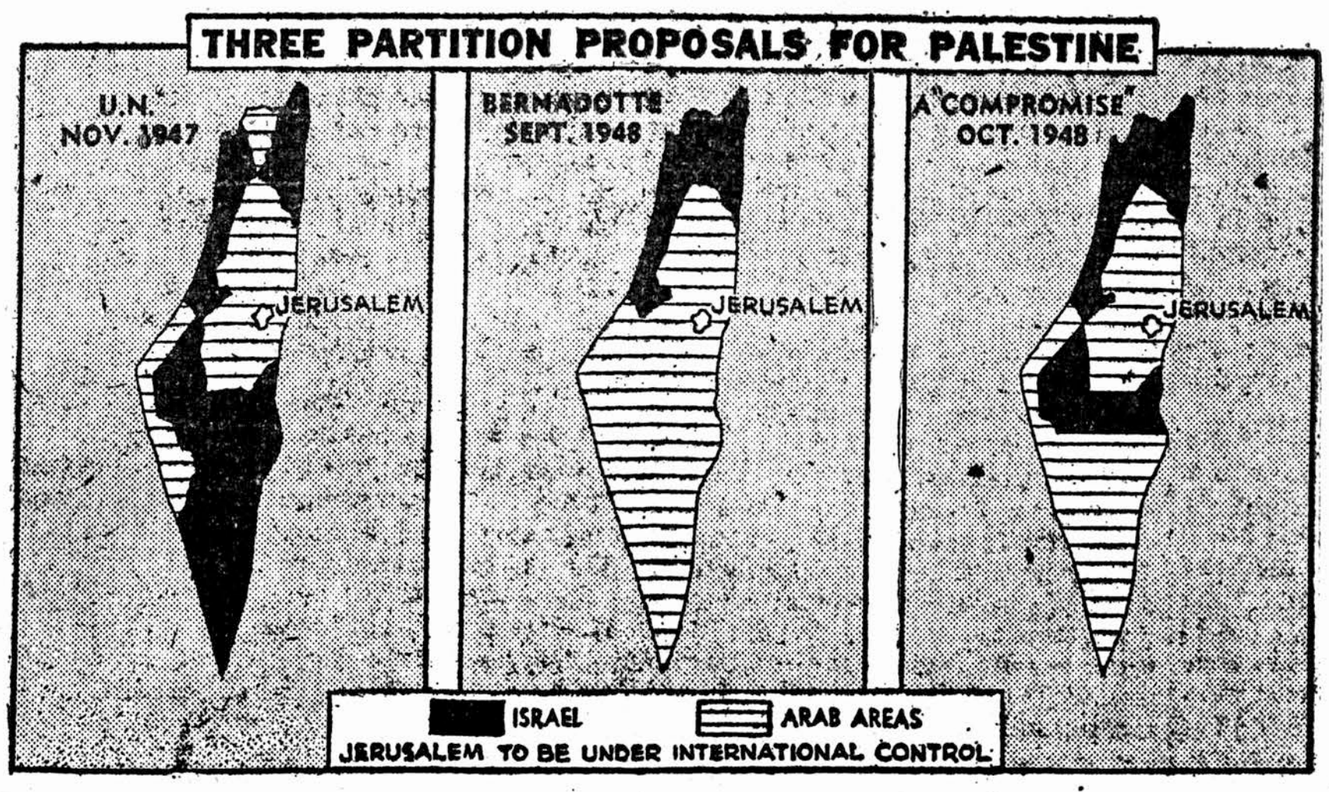
A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.
Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint.....

'LIKE SOME RICH, GLOWING PICTURE'

It is like some rich, glowing picture, is it not?—full of dusky golds and crimsons, dim and magnificent, and somehow still

How vivid and clean-cut it is! And yet, with all its golden music and splendour, and in spite of the happiness it tells about, there is an ache in the poem. It is lovely, and irrevocably sad. There is something forlorn in its beauty. So that, even if we did not know it was written by a dying and desperate man, we might have guessed it was only a dream—with its awakening into darkness.

Client: "This is likely to be greatest quest of your career." Great Detective: "What is it?" Client: "I wont you to procure me a packet of razor blades."



Under the U. N. proposal, Arab Palestine would be independent; Bernadotte envisaged eventual union of most of it with Trans-Jordan; the "compromise" would add it to Trans-Jordan. (Courtesy "New York Times."

HOROSCOPE READING OF PRINCE CHARLES

(Continued from page 4)

keen insight into human nature. The future king will take great interest in all that is hidden, mysterious and peculiar, and will spare no pains to get to know more of the mysteries surrounding human life. There is no doubt that he will be greatly interested in surgery, medicine, chemistry. He will be extraordinarily resourceful, with unusual ability for mechanical pursuits as well.

In fact there is great versatility indicated in this chart—which, in my opinion, is an "old soul"—and he can grow up to be an extraordinarily useful influence, a great guiding spirit, specially in the exalted position which he is to inherit, if he is not terribly spoiled by his elders. This, too, is very strongly indicated in his natal constellation.

Influence Of The Home

There are several of the most important planets in what is known as the Fourth House—the "angle Governing the home"—and it is these which will greatly influence the other very useful and constructive qualities with which this baby is endowed. There will be extraordinary luxury and comfort at his disposal. His fortunate heredity will project material inheritance which can be a liability instead of an asset unless he is very wisely reared.

There will be an exaggerated love of horses and gambling in general (jupiter and mars in conjunction, both is Sagittarius, the sign which rules horses). Moreover, in this vibration, the prince will have complete disregard for the value of money, tending to finance many projects and ideas.

There are a number of aspects in his natal constellation which emphasize the tendency to impulsive, rash and unfortunate attraction toward the opposite sex, with excessive fondness in pleasure and amusements—resulting in physical danger, as well as social and financial loss. In fact, various other aspects indicate that there are many unconventional ideas with regard to personal relationships. He will have a decided tendency to choose unconventional and eccentric friendships and those that will prove stimulating but unreliable. He will have many strange and unromantic attachments of a highly unconventional nature.

He will be extraordinarily attracted to people in every walk of life and, despite or because of his Leo ascendant, with its attitude of superiority, it is my opinion that he will marry young. There are astrological indications of marriage when he is 24 years old, and it is my opinion that it will be a commoner. Curiously, the aspects in his chart in 1972 include a complete change of residence—a different country, so it is not unlikely that he will follow in the footsteps of his granduncle, the Duke of Windsor.

AMITY BETWEEN NATURE AND CIVILISATION

(Continued from Page 16)

cialists are at work even in the Taimyr peninsula, the most northerly land mass of Russia, extending to within about 840 miles of the North Pole. Carried forward by exploratory enthusiasm, they have found that arctic raspberries and flax will ripen in the flood plains of the rivers. These plants, they claim, require as much solar heat to ripen as do barley and potatoes. During the polar day, plants grow with tropical speed, and growth must actually be controlled by spreading tarpaulins over the hotbed frames in order to create artificial night.

These activities are symptomatic of human need and endeavour in these times when people are forced to find new places to live because of population pressures, or are drawn to emote portions of the earth in order to exploit its mineral wealth or other resources.

Two powerful nations, one in the West, the other in the East, are today locked in manoeuvres of a fateful nature. Conjectures as to the eventual consequences to them, as well as to all other nations, are not pertinent here, but it is of high significance that both these nations are aware, to a greater or lesser degree, that all is not well with their living resources. Each country has, within the last few decades, commenced to take corrective steps. Each is proceeding along the lines of its own political or social ideology.

THE ABOVE IS THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF EXTRACTS FROM MR. OSBORN'S NEW BOOK "PLUNDERED PLANTE" WHICH APPEARED IN "THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY". WE ARE REPUBLISHING THE SAME THROUGH THE COURTESY OF "THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

The young husband eyed the greyish concoction. Bravely he dug a spoon into the mystery and began to eat.

After a few moments he straightened himself, fingered his collar to ease his throat, and asked: "What do you call this, darling?"

"It's date pudding Harold," beamed his wife.

"Oh, yes," he breathed, "but—er—what date?"

* * *

"Fiancee is terribly deaf, and I'm in awful trouble, Bob."

"Well?"

"I had to yell so loudly when I proposed to her that the woman next door has sued me for breach of promise."

* * *

"Mother wants to know whether she shall come to stay with us for a week or so."

"It's thoughtful of her to suggest an alternative. Tell her to sew."

STOPPAGE OF JAP REPARATIONS TO AMERICA

(Continued from page 8)

Japanese most intimately confers they do not know what is in the Japanese mind today. They agree that the great majority hate the militarists. They respect the might of America. They are hopeful and capable. When the peace treaty is signed and the Occupation forces have moved out, Japan will quickly find a place among the real democracies of the world, these Americans expect.

However, there is a story going the rounds in Tokyo. A schoolboy had to write an essay on democracy. He did so in three lines:

1.—I know all about democracy.
2.—My father doesn't know a damned thing about democracy.
3.—Democracy will have to wait until I grow up.
until I grow up. that epitomizes the situation.

NEW HOPE FOR RHEUMATICS

After the common cold, rheumatism is the worst endemic disease in Britain, where its high incidence is helped by the climate. There are about 2,000,000 rheumatism victims in Britain and through the ravages of this disease 3,000,000 working weeks are lost to the nation annually. The loss in wages and the sick pay and cost of medical treatment reach the high figure of some £25,000,000 (Rs. 33.28 crores).

Much is, therefore, being done in Britain to discover the cause of rheumatism, and a number of private and public institutions have been waging an intensive campaign against it.

The Minister of Health Mr. Aneurin Bevan, has had plans worked out for the founding of diagnostic and research centres in the 14 areas into which Britain is divided for the purposes of the health scheme. These 14 new centres will work in conjunction with universities, training hospitals and young doctors, who will thereby obtain a chance of training as specialists. Each centre will be equipped with the latest technical apparatus so that it will be able to cope with 50 to 250 out-patients per day.

This research work does not deal merely with the painful outward symptoms of the disease, but also with such important factors as climate, heredity, diet, nutrition and glandular secretion.

Special attention is being devoted to rheumatic fever also, which causes permanent injury to the heart, but other forms of acute or chronic rheumatism are not being neglected.

"Did you say I ought to be home?" "No! I said you ought to be in a home?.

Children's Own Corner

Conducted by: AKHIL HIND BALAK SANGH BALKAN-JI-BARI

When you read this, we shall have almost finished our progoamme at Delhi, and will probably be on our way back to Bombay, and other friends on their way to their places. I shall try and tell you something about our trip and functions later. In the mean-while, here is the Report, adapted at the Annual General Meeting there

Our present Annual Report is, for practical purposes, a report from the 13th June 1948 to the 15th December 1948, although our official year closes on the 30th September 1948. The last Report, from the 1st January 1947 to the 12th June 1948, was adopted at our Annual General Meeting held at Bombay on the 12th June 1948.

The Balkan-ji-Bari-Akhil Hind Balak Sangh, registered in Karachi, was dissolved, and it was decided to register the Society under the new constitution in Bombay, at a General Meeting of the Members held at Bombay on the 13th June 1948. What necessitated this is too well known to need any further explanation.

BARI REGISTERED AT BOMBAY

The formalities of registering the Balkan-ji-Bari-Akhil Hind Balak Sangh have since been completed, with the help of Shri S B Kher, our Honorary Solicitor (to whom our thanks on this and many other accounts are due), and the Certificate of its registration in Bombay under the Societies Registration Act XXI of 1860 was duly received on the 12th August 1948.

Besides the above-mentioned General Meetings, yet another informal Meeting of all the Balkan-ji-Bari Workers residing in Bombay was held at the National Headquarters, "Gulistan" Khar, on the occasion of last Divali, when they re-affirmed to work enthusiastically for the organisation. Our President had shown a desire to attend this Meeting but could not do so, and sent a message of Good Wishes to each individual Worker, and blessed the Association with "Long Live Balkan-ji-Bari!"

Review Of Work

During the period under report, efforts were continued for getting a full-fledged CHILDREN'S OWN LIBRARY establisaed at Bombay, and it is hoped that the scheme will materialise shortly. The AUTO-EDUCATOR has under-gone a number of changes and now it has the appearance of a presentable set. We hope to put it on the market soon and at a cheaper price then was thought of originally. The CHILDREN'S CHARTER needs yet to be popularised. ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS CENTRES have been started by a number of Balkan-ji-Bari Units. The DESIGN OF THE BADGE has been decided upon, and it is expected to place an order for the supply of Badges shortly. A list of GREAT DAYS AND FESTIVALS for celebration has been prepared and notified to all Balkan-ji-Bari Centres. A large number of CONTACTS WITH FOREIGN ORGANISATION has been established.

MEMBERSHIP

In the All-India Balkan-ji-Bari, one Donor and four Sympathisers more have been enrolled, bringing the total to 4 Patrons, 2 Donors and 24 Sympathisers.

In the Bombay Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari, the totals are as follows: 1542 Primary Members, 283 Companion Members, 196 Associate Members and 4 Sympathisers and a few more Sympathisers and Patrons enrolled by the Units.

It is regretted that the Membership numbers have not been received from the other Provincial Balkan-ji-Baris up to the time of preparing this Report. It is however estimated that their approximate number would be about 20,000.

PROVINCIAL BALKAN-JI-BARIS

One more Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari has been formed in Gujerat, with Bhavnagar as its Headquarters. A number of Units have been started in the whole of Gujerat and Saurashtra, under the inspiration of Shri Harbhai Trivedi.

Bombay Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari is continuing its sustained interest under the able guidance of its President Lady M. R Masani. It has started work in Labour areas, and also a special Centre, with the help of the Rotary Club, to prevent delinquency in children. "Pushpa-The Children's Own Paper" was issued irregularly, due to certain difficulties and efforts are being made to issue it regularly hereafter.

Delhi Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari has now Shri Radha Raman as its President. It has invited our Annual General Meeting and arranged many other functions this time, and that shows how enthusiastic its workers are.

U.P. Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari is being run by its energetic Secretary, Shri L. N. Saxena. He has been trying to systematise the work, and we may hope that he has been successful in his efforts.

In a way, since Sind Balkan-ji-Bari Workers have spread in almost all parts of India, they have been helpful in establishing Balkan-ji-Bari Centres wherever they have gone. Madras may now soon have a Provincial organisation, and Balkan-ji-Bari Units have also been established in a number of Refugee Camps.

The usual activities of stories, songs, dramas, games, wall-papers educational film shows, picnics, outings, excursions, celebration of great days and festivals, etc., continue to be held in the different Balkan-ji-Bari Units. Difficulties of meeting places and playgrounds are being experienced by many of them, and they have, therefore, been advised to try and get buildings of their own made, with the grants-in-aid from the Local Authorities and/or the Provincial Governments, if necessary and possible.

WORK OF THE SUB-COMMITTEES

The Committee appointed to discuss and decide the ways and means of expanding the Balkan-ji-Bari Movement and activities has prepared a Questionnaire and sent it to all Provincial Balkan-ji-Baris and Balkan-ji-Bari Units. It hopes now to finalise its report shortly.

The Sub-Committees appointed to consider about (i) furthering the cause of Pre-Primary Education, (ii) running the Bal Adhyapan Mandir at Bhavnagar, (iii) giving a practical shape to the establishment of Children's University, and (iv) the constitutions of the different Provincial Balkan-ji-Baris and Balkan-ji-Bari Units have not yet submitted their reports.

CHILDREN'S TOWN (EXHIBITION)

The Children's Town (Exhibition) has been postponed to March 1949. The Committee appointed in this connection has progressed well under the able guidance of its Chairman, Shri Ratilal M. Nanavati. The Town will have about fourteen pavilions dealing with different problems and sections such as Pre-Natal Period, Cradles, Toys, Children's Care and Treatment, Home and Garden, Food, Dress, School, Physical Culture, Arts, Handicrafts and Hobbies, General Information and Knowledge, World Today, etc., etc.

UNAC

The Balkan-ji-Bari is active helping the Committees formed in connection with the U.N.A.C. We feel proud that the Chairman of the National Committee is Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, a Member of our Board of Directors, and others on the Committee include our President, Shri B. G. Kher, Lady M. R. Masani and Shrimati Hansa Mehta. The Chairman of the Bombay Provincial Committee is Rao Maharaj Singh, our Honorary Patron.

The General Secretary is conscious of the co-operation he receives from all Balkan-ji-Bari Centres, and he takes this opportunity to thank all the Balkan-ji-Bari Workers throughout India, and especially the Members of the retiring Governing Council, and the most of all, our beloved President, Shri B. G. Kher, who takes day-to-day interest in the working of the organisation, and is a great source of inspiration to the Balkan-ji-Bari and to its humble servant in the Children's Cause, the General Secretary. He relies on them for their active support in the future also. Our nation has already begun to think seriously of the Child and his problems, so let us strike while the iron is hot. Again, thanks very much.

JOIN BALKAN-JI-BARI

All are most welcome to join the Great Brotherhood of the Balkan-ji-Bari—Akhil Hind Balak Sangh. Please send for its full particulars and enrolment forms from Dada—"Gulistan," Khar—Bombay 21, mentioning your full name and address and age, and enclosing a one anna stamp for postage. Jai Hind!

All Good Wishes from
Your Loving,
Dada

"Gulistan"
Khar—Bombay 21

"The labour of love, indeed, is never lost"

RADIOISOTOPES TO SAVE HUMAN LIMBS

Radioctive isotopes produced in atomic fission piles in the United States are helping to save human limbs that in some cases might otherwise have to be amputated, reports Dr. Morris To Friedel of the Hektoen Institute for Medical Research at Cook County Hospital Chicago, Illinois.

Radioisotopes give off radiation in the same way that radium does. They are distributed by the United States Atomic Energy Commission to medical research institutions, including those in a score of countries outside the United States, which have agreed to admit as visitors all qualified scientists, regardless of nationality, and give them information on the progress of their research work.

Describing the successful uses of radioisotopes before a recent meeting of the United States chapter of the International College of Surgeons (ICS), Friedel said that radioactive phosphorus had proved to be an effective guide in diagnosing arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries). When the isotope was introduced into the blood, he explained, the radiation emitted by the phosphorus made it possible to trace the blood's circulation by means of a Geiger counter outside the body.

ADVANTAGES OF METHOD.

Using this method, Friedel said, "we are able to determine not only the condition of the circulation, but also the probable response to treatment... Thus... we can predict whether the patient will improve by the use of a variety of conservative treatments, nerve surgery or amputation." Limbs where blood circulation is shown to be absolutely lacking must generally be amputated, he said. However, radioactive phosphorus often reveals circulation of blood where all other methods have shown absence of circulation.

As a result of this more accurate test, physicians are often able to avoid radical surgery and sometimes, Friedel said, "we can salvage a useful limb by selecting an amputation site" which preserves the portion of the leg or foot where circulation still exists.

RADIOISOTOPES IN CANCER DETECTION.

Dr. Luther R. Leader, chief surgeon of Crittendon Hospital in Detroit, Michigan, reported the successful use of radioactive phosphorus to indicate cancer of the breast, and of radioactive iodine to diagnose cancer of the thyroid gland. The iodine isotope accurately signaled cancer in 91 per cent of 207 thyroid cases studied during an 18-month period, he said.

me, how the devil can I fight a—a spirit—a ghost?"

"Then—you realise?"

He thought it out: "Yes I—realise!" Then, with one last gust of commonsense clearing his brain of the miasma of deadly superstition, he cried, vehemently: "No. I'm damned if I believe, or even realise! A—a ghost wouldn't touch jewels, I say! A ghost wouldn't smash my head life a sledge hammer on iron—no..if such a thing is, then—let it come out in the open and fight me...."

His voice rattled away in his throat and was lost. A tiny animal cry came from Dorothy Thorrold and she crept into the ward of his arms, half fainting. Her eyes were closed by horror.—his were opened by the same dread emotion....

There seemed to be no more a white light in the room. The glare of acetylene died to give way to moonlight and a green flicker as of far away summer lightning over a midnight sea. And there grew against the uncurtained window, shattered by the diamond, a tall and sable form topped by a scuttle of shadow from which the grisly high lights of a skull gleamed. The horror moved toward them, menacing.

CHAPTER XII
THE SECRET PANEL

Still the awful and uncanny shape advanced: a menace and a horror, and a thing of hell.

Fortunately for Magerison, Dorothy Thorrold, even in the face of this, had not lost nerve. Somewhere at the back of his fear-atrophied brain a dread of what would follow, were she to faint, possessed him. Deprived of her human companionship in such weird circumstances—subconsciously his reason told him—he would fail. With her at his side he had, at least, an urge to fight.

Very deliberately he took up his gun and slipped two cartridges in its breach. The thing was in no way intimidated: it did not falter—it advanced. Gritting an oath Magerison fired—once, twice, from his hip, and the pellets crashed through the shape to shatter the panels of the far side of the room!

Magerison dropped the gun.

Then came a thundering at the locked door. Igod's voice was shrill, and complainant to all the gods above him that Magerison had murdered Miss Thorrold! In his excitement that one thought possessed the old fellow to the exclusion of all else. Then Thorrold's agitated tone called out.

"Open the door! Dorothy—Dorothy, if you can—speak! Open the door I say!"

The shadow fell and was not.

Lights flared up again: the evil and phosphorescent glitter that had filled the room fled in an instant before the fierce flames of ecetylene gas. Magerison gasped staggered, blinked, and gasped again.

So swift was the onset of calmness with the flooding lights, that for a second or so his benumbed faculties confounded him with the supposition that all he had witnessed was but a chimera of his own distraught imagination. Bewildered and gaping like a country zany at a menagerie he looked about him.

Dorothy Thorrold had reeled against the panelled wall, one hand gripping a boss of golden oak, the other white knuckled and clawing shielding her eyes; with her fair hair dishevelled and her teeth clenched tightly as if in pain; she looked like the soul of tragedy cast into human lines, agonised.

"Dorothy, Dorothy!" he gasped.

"Has—has it gone?"

"Yes—the lights; the lights are on. God in heaven what—what was it?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know!"

"No more do I!" He looked across the study at the splintered panellings where his shots had taken effect. "I fired clean through it" he muttered. "Right through it—my God!"

"It was the—the death monk".

"It was not!" He snapped viciously.

"I tell you it was not! No, it's some ghastly trick or other, played on us by Leathley".

"Leathley—who is Leathley?" In all her fear Dorothy's womanish curiosities were awake. "I—I've never heard that name before. Do you mean my grand-father's enemy?"

A hammer on the door; this time more insistent and Thorrold's raging order.

"Open this door! You devil, Magerison, open this door!"

Magerison smiled at Dorothy.

"Listen!" He nodded toward the door. Watch for effects!"

Thorrold crashed again on the oak. Igod swore voluminously: Mrs. Stevenson's wailing rose, crescendo, above all.

Leathley's been here", Magerison called. "You hear, Thorrold, Leathley!"

Everything was hushed. Thorrold was clearly heard to gasp: Igod to mutter in his throat. Not a touch on the door: not a sound of protest—Just the awed and waiting silence of

HOUNDS PASTURE

(Continued From Page 2)

men frightened as in the face of impending death.

Then—

"Bring me a—a gun"; that was Thorrold's voice.

"Aa'll do noa sich thing mister—Aa's noan bahn t' hev owt t' do wi5 ye an' ye're mad ways! There's bin blanstin' abaht enow this neet; Aa've gotten a bellyful Aa tell ye". Igod himself had rebelled.

"A hammer then ,you rat—an axe, anything—but this door's going to open, Igod".

Dorothy gripped harder at the boss of oak.

"Should—should I press the switch, Basil?"

Magerison thought for a moment. "No" he replied. "I'd rather you did not. That dor'll stand a lot of breaking down and, I tell you frankly I don't quite care to let the old man in here without effort. I—I believe he's quite mad. Dorothy!" He looked disturbed. "forgive my plain speaking, dear—but he's not exactly—er—sane. No; let him stay outside till he cools down a bit"!

"Oh, that's a—a silly argument!" Dorothy staring at Magerison replied "If, as you say, he's mad, he'll be a demon if he has to force his way in! Can't you see?"

Magerison looked at the door and pondered.

There came a sharp snap: a metallic click, a scurry of fect and a muffled scream—he turned, afraid.

Dorothy Thorrold was slipping backwards through a suddenly revealed aperture in the wah! Her fingers were dragging off the boss of oak that had worked some secret spring and she was falling as though into a black well.

Magerison rushed forward and grasped her, shouting, but her balance had gone. Her hand lost its last grip and he, holding her, fell with her into space.

With a rumble the wall closed like the sealing of a tomb on both.

CHAPTER XIII
Thorrold And Igod Join Forces

Thorrold stood beside the burst open door and gazed in blank bewilderment upon the empty room. The thin and acrid smell of smokeless powder was still in the air and the shattered oaken panels were eloquent of Magerison's firing at the phantom.

"What—what's got 'em, Igod?" Despite his towering, almost demoniacal rage, Thorrold asked the question quietly.

Benjamin Igod regarded his master curiously. He put out one determined hand and grasped the haft of the sledge hammer Thorrold had employed. Without encountering any resistance he took it into his keeping. Thorrold staggered across to a chair and fell into it like a sack on to sand.

Then Igol closed the door as best he was able. He packed the tremulous Mrs. Stevenson off about her business—to John Thorrold's room. Now he returned and took command of the situation.

"Wilta listen to owd Ben Igod maister?"

Thorrold did not answer. Benjamin Igod went on, emboldened:

"Thoou'll do weel, maister, t' list t' what Aa'm bahn t' hev t' tell ye. Thee an' me mun come to an understanding ower this job, an' that reight quick an' all!"

"I—I come to an understanding with you, Igod?" Thorrold spoke the words in deadly sound. "For what reason pray? Why should I come to an understanding with—my servant"? He grinned venomously.

"Thou's t' sarvint i' this job-o'-work, Thorrold, Aa'm thinking." Igod's cool answer carried conviction. "You feller Magerison's gotten ye maistered, as Aa've just tould ye, Tha's inst pratition wanting as many friends as ye can get, if tha as much as gies me another on ye'he rotten sueers, maister, Aa'll let thee dahn: now, Aa'm warningye!"

Thorrold crumpled up before Igod's steady glance.

"To hell with 'understandings,'" he blustered. "There's no time to count on them! What I'm wanting to know at present is—how have those two left this room?"

"By the way that Bishard Leathley entered it, Thorrold, thirty long years ago!"

The effect of those cryptic words on Thorrold was a startling thing. He tautened grew rigid in his chair as though a powerful current of electricity had been passed through him. Benjamin Igod had rebelled with a vengeance! To mention the name of his mortal enemy, Leathley, was in itself a crime against all that Thorrold held in the darkness of his secresies.

Thorrold thought back

When Magerison had sent the message to him that a "man had shot a duck in Hound's Pasture"—he realised at once that Leathley, enemy of all within the Priory walls had shot that bird. He had been forced to allow Magerison of whom he kenw nothing, nor of whose place in the warp of the mystery of Thorroldan had he the slightest cognisance—to force his way into his household.

When John "Barnaby" had been fired at from Hounds's Pasture, Thorrold knew that Rishard Leathley's finger had pulled the trigger of the weapon aimed at himself. Thorrold had no doubts on that score either. He knew that the shot had missed its intended mark—himself—when it had struck his grandson. The fact that a diamond was the inside sent from that struck his grandson. The fact that murderous barrel proved that Leathley's vengeance was a near thing; that it would be eyacted of Thorrold by the means that had caused the mysterious feud between them.

Thorrold was now faced by the dread realisation that Magerison, the stranger from the village of Thewle, whom his granddaughter evidently had known for some time and Igod, his confidential man, no less than John "Barnaby", his newly acknowledged grandson. all in part or in whole—knew the mystery of the Priory and were now ranged against its intolerant and tyrannical master, each in their own degree resolved on clearing it up. The solving of it would mean cataclysm to Thorrold, as he was very well aware. Whatever it was—none had come out in the open so far as to reveal how much they knew—that mystery involved, on Magerison's threat, penal servitude as a punishment for his wilees. Thorrold shuddered to think further. He knew that a grimmer fate was in store for him should all be told.

Ignoring Benjamin Igod's sly reference to Leathley's name; putting to one side for the moment his desire to find out where Magerison and Dorothy had gone, Thorrold challenged his old servant quietly:

"Beyond the fact, Igod, that you and I are bound together as partners to a certain extent, in holding the Priory against all comers"—Igod's wintry smile was a devilishly disturbing thing, Thorrold's smooth diction became erratic before it—"what more do—do y' know? Of how many more of my affairs, I say, are you—you informed?"

"All!" said Igod.

Thorrold went white.

"Igod—Igod tell me , man, you don't know of that night—".

Igod waved a hand before his master's face warning him to silence.

"Tha's offen 'eard tell on the truth that walls have ears, maister," the old man's voice coolly intoned. "Think on it nah, for your own sake! Tha asks in one breath where t' man an' ye're lass ha' gotten themselves to—in another ye starts to gob abaht ey're past! If ;thee wits wasna so moidered wi' all ye're iniquities and all ye're unrighteous fears—"

"You—you sanctimonious dog, shut off that sermonising! answer my question!"

"' fear o t' Lord is i' thee, Thorrold," Igod went on unperturbed. "an' ye attempt t' flee fro' t' wrath t' come! Think ye on this—those two limmers mun ha' gotten 'emsels aht o' t' study by some secret way, a secret panel maybe, what Magerison knows, even if ye an' me dosen't—mayhap they're felted behind the wall nah—listening t' keep a guard on ye're tongue an' not t' ask me for what Aa's noan aching t' tell ye!"

But Thorrold was beyond the reach of Igod's craftily calm counsel He was no longer a broken thing sitting in a chair but a dynamic figure of rage and hates and fears pulsing in every strong sinew with the evil power that had long lain in him. He gripped old Igod by the shoulders and shook him until the old fellow's lower jaw trembled with pain, and he dug the talons which were his fingers into Igod's flesh until, in agony, the man shriked out—revelation.

"Aa'll answer ye—Aa'll answer ye—ye hound; ye devil, Thorrold! Yes, by the Lord above us Aa'll tell ye!" His voice rose to a shout defiant to the last. If Thorrold had but taken heed of Igod's warning of silence—but there, speculation never yet availed in man's tortuous affairs, only the effects, from little causes and great, hold dominance over life's long experience. Benjamin Igod shouted, in a sound that welled out of the study and reached to other ears: "For thirty long years agone, Thorrold, Aa've known ye for what ye ha' been all that time! Aa've been loyal t' ye, God above us knaws, but nah Ao'm done—aye, if tha' kills me for't, as ye killed that man that night, Thorrold, ye—murderer!"

(To Be Continued)

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER
THAT GIRL OVER THERE HAS SUCH A SAD FACE, I WONDER WHY?
PROBABLY BECAUSE IT'S HER FACE!
GLADYS PARKER
3-2

The magistrate was deaf, but certainly not deafer than the two men before him. The first man leaned forward.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "this man owes me a grocery bill amounting to twenty pounds and refuses to pay it!"

The second deaf man sprang up.

"That's a lie!" he cried indignantly. "My dog didn't bite him."

There was a pause while the magistrate reviewed the situation, then he announced this decision:—

"Gentlemen," he said, "I fully appreciate your feelings, but I can see no reason why you should not combine to support your mother."

* * *

A naturalist was walking in the veldt when he noticed a rare snake about to go into its hole. Having no apparatus with which to trap the reptile, he decided that the best course would be to catch it by its tail each time it entered the hole and throw it as far as he could, hoping by this means to tire the snake and thus make the capture easier.

As the snake approached its hole for the seventeenth time, it stopped and appeared to think—then turned right round and entered backwards

AMERICAN WOMEN V. EUROPEAN WOMEN

Former Are "Most Spoiled, Self-Centered, Aggressive, Disinterested In Men And Home-Making, Expensive, Restless, Rude, Unfeminine, Unhappy, And Dissatisfied Women In The World" Says U. S. Publicist.

How does the American woman stack up in the international matrimonial derby

If she had to compete for John Doe's affection—and wedding ring—with her sisters from other lands, would she emerge as a champion or a badly outclassed also-ran?

More and more, authors, psychologists, sociologists and just mere men have been making uncomplimentary comparisons between America's women and those of other lands.

For instance, foreign correspondent Leland Stowe, on the basis of 20 years of travel on five continents, says in a recent esquire article that the American woman "is neither all she thinks she is nor much that American men assume she is. Compared to her overseas sisters, she doesn't score as many top points as might be expected."

American men away from home soon discover this fact, says Stowe—and often translate the knowledge into action. He points out that 55,000 G.I.'s married in England alone and tens of thousands more took brides in all parts of Europe and the Far East

If, Stowe concedes, the American woman is the world's best-looking and most modern-thinking woman, possessed of intelligence, independence and more wealth than the woman of any other and, why don't foreign men come seeking her like the holy grail? More importantly, why can't she snare and hold one of the many American men who keep finding mates elsewhere?

But we draws up a lengthy indictment. Among other things, he says American women have been accused of being the most spoiled self-centered aggressive, disinterested in men and home-making, expensive, restless, rude, conversation-hogging, unfeminine, individuality-lacking, unhappy and disatisfied women in the world.

Are any or all of these charges true? If they are, what is the reason

These questions were directed in Philadelphia to a well-known marriage counsellor, to a 30-year-old bachelor who has spent the past four years travelling extensively through Europe and to a young French bride. Their answers are given below.

WAR BRIDE:

"American women should be the happiest in the world. They have more of the things that make life easy for a woman-refrigerators a washing machines and vacuum cleaners.

"Instead they always seem to want more and more. In France, women are happy with what they have

"Perhaps that is why the United States keeps making progress—because its women want change. But it also means that American women always seem discontented."

So says Mrs. Marie Bonds, brown-haired, brown-eyed native of Biarritz, France, who came to this country in January 1947 to marry Ralph Bonds of Havertown, Pa.

Since that time she has accompanied her husband, member of a brother team of organists, throughout New England, the east coast and the midwest, and has thus been able to observe American women in various settings.

"Why should American men prefer women of other nations?" Marie muses. "That is hard to say. After all, American women are attractive, much better informed than European women—they get more opportunity to get out of the house, to read and see things.

"However, the American woman's point of view is entirely different from, for instance, the French woman's.

"Take the matter of marriage. I believe we are more serious about it. From the time we are little girls, we are impressed with the idea that our most important duty is to look after our husbands and our children.

FRENCH WOMAN BETTER HOUSEKEEPER

"The French woman doesn't believe in divorce. When she marries, she marries for good. In this country women seem more casual about it. If a marriage doesn't work out, they get a divorce and try again.

"In Europe the husband is boss in his own home. He would never think of doing the dishes or helping with the baby, and his wife would never think of asking him. That is women's work. A man works enough all day. He should be able to relax when he gets home at night.

"Of course, in this country more women work and are equally tired in the evenings. That makes things somewhat different.

"The French husband decides if and when his wife shall buy anything for herself. Here, it seems, the husband doesn't have much to say about it. His wife just uses her charge account."

Marie believes that American women are spoiled because they get too many things when they're too young to appreciate them. Characteristics of American women include, she feels, generosity, kindness and friendliness, but also wastefulness, egotism and undue concern with materialistic things.

"French women," she thinks, "are more interested in men as men—not just as escorts—and in poetry and art."

Marie feels that the average French woman is a better cook and housekeeper, a gayer conversationalist and has the ability to make the most of her attractions.

"In America all women look the same," she says. "They insist on wearing the latest fashion, whether or not it's becoming to them. In my town in France the girls always went to dressmakers and ordered something that was different and just right.

"American women have more money to spend on their clothes and their hair and their faces. But it is said of the french girl that she looks good in any old rag."

BACHELOR:

"European women have learned how to live. They haven't been caught in the materialistic rat race that measures happiness and success by the carats in a diamond ring, the kind of fur in a coat or the style of a car."

That's the opinion of Joseph Manusov, 30, who recently returned to Philadelphia after more than four years abroad.

As a civilian journalist with the Army's European command, with headquarters at Frankfort and Heidelberg in Germany, Manusov traveled extensively through a dozen countries in Europe.

"Lots of American friends abroad have married European women—French, Austrian and German," he says, "and with good reason. Their brides are all fine girls, easy-going, pleasant, fun to meet and talk to.

"In general, I believe that European girls are more intelligent. The majority never get a chance to go to college, but they make up for it by reading the classics attending art exhibitions, and the opera, and, very importantly, by talking to people who have the knowledge they lack.

"American girls generally talk only about themselves and usually can tell you all about girdles, but nothing about Mann or Manet, 'Carmen' or Koestler.

"American girls also read, of course—love stories, movie magazines and comic books. It's a pity, too, because in general American women are better educated. Originally, that is. They don't seem to make much intellectual progress, however, after they get out of school."

Another asset of the European woman, according to Manusov, is her skill as a housekeeper.

"All European women can cook," he says. "They don't say, as American girls often do. 'Oh, I'll learn quick enough after I'm married.' They're taught by their mothers to knit and sew and take care of babies.

"They're also very considerate of their husbands' pocketbooks. A German or French woman will walk from market to market to save a few cents. She gladly gears her way of living to her husband's income.

"And—this is important—they're grateful for kindnesses and show it. If you bring a French girl a 10-Franc rose she'll be more enthusiastic about it than an American girl who has just received a five-pound box of chocolates."

But American women have the advantage over foreign in other respects, Manusov adds.

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE CLEANER

"American women are cleaner and have better health habits," he says. "Their teeth and hair are better cared for. They're more active in sports. They have better figures, because they don't keep gorging themselves on food as if there wasn't any tomorrow.

"American women also look better longer. A woman of 30 overseas looks every day of it. But, of course, she also has fewer beauty shops and beauty aids to help her retain her youthful appearance.

"Our women are more neatly dressed, are better auto drivers and think more quickly. Their moral standards are much higher than those of European women. However, their interest in religion seems much less strong."

Manusov believes that the greatest single attraction of the European woman, as far as American wife-seekers are concerned, is the fact that "she always tries to make her husband as happy as possible—she wants to complement his life, not dominate it."

MARRIAGE EXPERT:

The American woman is always ravishingly beautiful—and ceases to exist after the age of 25.

That, at least, is the concept promulgated by American movies, magazines and radio serials, says Mrs. Emily H. Mudd, executive director of the Marriage Council of Philadelphia for the past 12 years.

And if the American woman is sometimes overa ffected by this propaganda, and it results in behaviour found unpleasant by American men, she is more to be pitied than censured

"After all," says Mrs. Mudd, "American men shouldn't complain too loudly. They have allowed false ideas to take hold. They have helped train some American women into characters in a fantasy which is totally unrelated to reality.

"Influenced by the movies, the American woman often visualizes the role of wife merely as being a beautiful girl in a starchy apron. All too often she doesn't begin to realize how much money, time and purposefulness are required for a happy marriage."

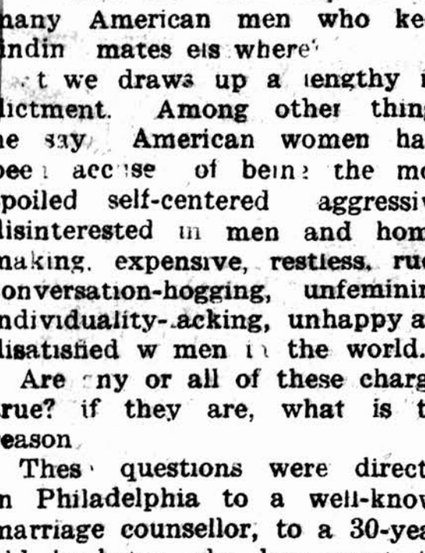
Mrs. Mudd questions the contention that European women are more considerate of their men.

"Conditions in Europe are not too pleasant these days. To many European women, an American man represents escape and security and comfort. To achieve these goals, she may flatter and make a god of an American suitor. of course, American men like that.

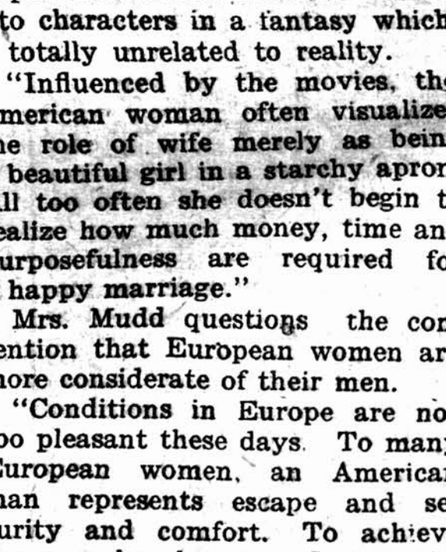
"But whether an American man prefers a self-effacing maid-servant or an intelligent equal as a lifetime partner depends on the man himself.

"It depends on how much the

(Continued On Page 27)



"That fur coat I told you about. I find I can get it for a mere song.' He "Really, my dear! What a pity neither of us can sing."



Magistrate: "But you cannot accuse a man of drunkenness because he was arguing with some one."

Policeman: "Ah! But there was no one there!"

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PUBLIC NOTICES

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The duties attached to the post and conditions governing the appointment are given in details in the University Calendar for 1942 (p. 71).

Applicants should state in their applications their age, full particulars of their academic qualifications and exerience in teaching and research as also in guiding research work. The application should be accompanied by a precis of particulars to be furnished in a statement form which may be obtained from the undersigned.

Applications with copies of testimonials must reach the undersigned on or before 15th January.

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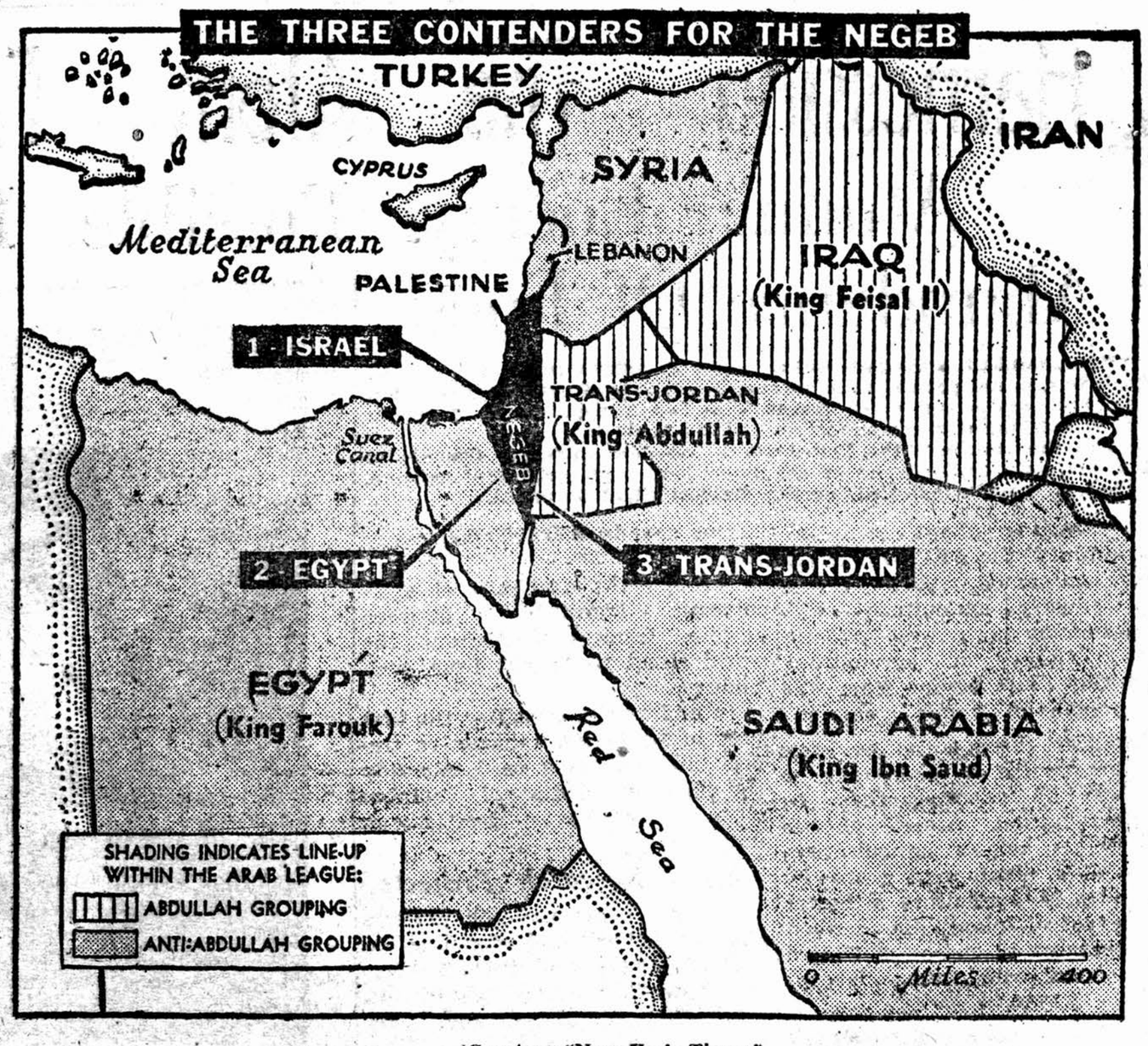

(Courtesy "New York Times."

QUIT INDIA—WITH THE STATUES!

(Continued From Page 9)

Imperialism that had its day in India. And when Imperialism withdraws its hands, all its paraphernalia also should be withdrawn along with them. This is the natural corollary.

Then it is the Britishers who made these Statues to perpetuate the memory of the Empire Builders These belong to them. As the creators of the Statues, let them have the satisfaction of perpetua ting the memory of Empire Builders on their own thresholds. It is a sin to wrench an object from the hands of one who created it. Let us not commit that sin. Let us hand the Statues over to the Britishers when they go

PARTING GIFTS

Also, the Britishers, in common with all Western Nations, are a nation of Idol worshippers. Of course not in the religious sense of the word. If that is implied here, the Englishman's face will glow red in righteous anger. I mean they worship human idols installed in public gardens, halls and institutions. As a Nation, always willing to give, let us present these Statues to the Britishers, so that they may add to the number of human deities they worship daily, even though the cost of making these Statues may have been debited to the Indian account. Let the Statues be our parting Gifts to Britain who has always appropriated gifts from India, whenever there was a War on.

In any case, these Statues when removed to and installed in the British Isles will remind every Briton of the Glories of the Empire days. That will give him an opportunity to play Don Quixote, fighting imaginary battles to regain Britain's lost Glory. That will be a splendid sight. The world will certainly be happy, if there were more Don Quixotes in it than those who laugh at and deride him.

But the problem of Statues will not solve itself. For, when the Statues are removed either to the Museum or to British Isles, there would crop up the problem as to what should be installed in the spaces left blank by their removal. Why not install Statues of Indian Personalities—both of the dim past and of the present—in their places? Quite simple. But that is the problem of Statues all over again. Statues will be there again. It does not matter what and whose Statues. They are all the same. For the Statues thought of by the majority may not be liked by the minorities and the more vociferous sections of them. There are bound to be controversies. Even fights!

We are turning a new leaf in our National Life. It is therefore but right that we should have a clean slate in the matter of our landscape. Let not the Indian landscape be sullied by ugly Statues of any variety.

Then the Statues of Indian Personalities may well symbolise Martyrs and Indian's Martyrdom. This will keep up the mental wranklings in future generations of which we are all a victim today. With wranklings in our minds, we cannot lead a cheerful Life that we all hope for.

Already we have far too many deities to worship. We need not add to their number by erecting human deities all over the place. Let us be content, in obedience to our traditions, with worshipping angelic deities in our temples. Let the Britishers, and all Western nations with them, enjoy casting the gibe at us that we are still a set of Idolatrous Heathens. Let the Britishers and the Europeans who are wedded to worshiping in the abstract have the satisfaction of seeing us Heathenish Indians worshipping Idols in our temples, while they worship human deities not in their temples, but in open parks public halls and other Institutions.

THE LIVING SYMBOL

I may sound lacking in patriotism. But I suggest with all seriousness that the spaces left blank by the removal of the present Statues be planted with trees. If you think I am unpatriotic in making this suggestion, you will have to level the same charge against Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. For Pandit Nehru recently said during the Tree-Planting Drive organised by the Commissioner of Delhi that, a growing tree is the living symbol of a progressing nation. And the "Statesman" of of Calcutta devoted an editorial to sing the praise of trees. So, if we plant a tree in all the spaces presently occupied by the Statues, we will but be expressing the nation's desire to progress, without any let or hindrance

Then the Indian landscape, as also the public places, will put on new foliage and look more beautiful and pleasing to the eyes than it is now. It is certainly a Beautiful India we are dreaming of. Let us do something to achieve this dream by planting trees where the Statues stand today instead of putting new Statues of our own particular variety. This alone will solve the problem of Statues.

Having only recently moved into the district, she was determined to impress the neighbours. She arranged for a musical at Home, and told her husband to see to the booking of a musician to entertain the guests.

"Have you engaged the pianist yet?" she asked her husband a few days before the great evening.

"Yes, my dear," he replied. "a great virtuoso."

She looked annoyed.

"Never mind about his morals Can he play piano?"

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"More than half of the 2,000,000,000 people in today's world do not get enough to eat, and population is growing at the rate of about 20,000,000 a year. Food production is not increasing as fast as population. A prime need of mankind is a greater output of farm products."

With this statement the United States Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) recently outlined one of the major long-range problems of mankind. At the same time, it indicated how the problem might be solved.

"In bringing about increased farm output." the AEC said in its fourth semiannual report, "man's oldest industry—agriculture— will be assisted by his newest—atomic energy. Gains in agricultural production will result from the development of atomic energy."

Thus far there is no evidence that the growth of plants can be increased by exposing them to atomic radiation. Atomic physics however, is helping agriculturists to improve plants and crops by supplying to agriculture a better knowledge of plant life derived from research in dozens of United States plant and animal laboratories.

Chemical Processes In Plant Life

Today the "tracer technique," under which chemicals radioactivated in the atomic fission pile are used, is helping scientists to follow the minute chemical processes of plant life with an accuracy unattainable in pre-atomic days. The radioactivated chemicals, called radioisotopes, are mixed to food that plants consume. They serve as a "tag" attached to a food element for identification of that element as it passes from the soil through the roots into the plant body and the fruit. The elements so marked can be traced by radiography or radiation-sensitive instruments.

For example, zinc, copper, and manganese are important to plants even though they are available to them in amounts of less than one ounce per acre (roughly 70 grams per hectare). Tracer study has overcome the handicap of following such minute quantities to their ultimate disposition in the plant by mixing infinitesimally small amounts of radioactivated zinc copper, and manganese to the soil, and so "tagging" them. Because of their radioactivity, the minerals can be followed in their course through the plant. Phosphorus tagged with radiophosphorus was found to concentrate in young corn kernels, sulphur in the seed of tomatoes.

Information of this type is helping United States agriculturalists to understand better how to use fertilizer. They are learning exactly when plants need fertilizer. They learn what fertilizer to apply. Phosphorus, for example, is used by corn, tobacco, and cotton mainly in the early stages of growth. Therefore, feeding phosphorus while the plant is maturing would be wasteful. Potatoes use phosphorus throughout their growth period, but phosphorus placed very close to seed potatoes slows their growth, probably because it injures the roots. For certain other crops the manner of applying phosphorus has been found to be of primary importance. While phosphorus is the most valuable tracer chemical, some 20 other radioisotopes are employed in agricultural research.

"Such work," says the AEC, "is certain to reveal how to get more plant growth, more food and feed, from the 15,000,000 tons of fertilizer upon which the American farmer spends $500,000,000 every year."

Through the exchange of agricultural knowledge between nations, farmers throughout the world stand to benefit from such findings.

In addition to revealing the best uses of fertilizers, radioactive tracers are also being used to study the effect on plants of sulphur when it is used as an insecticide or fungicide.

More Research Projects

A dozen other research projects aim at better understanding of how plant pests and diseases develop, how they attack plants and how they can be defeated. By tracing the action of the insect killer DDT researchers are trying to determine how it can be applied effectively and efficiently in agriculture and animal husbandry. Diseases of poultry and livestock; the effects of soil minerals on animals; more efficient ways to produce meat, milk and eggs—all these are being studied with radioactive isotopes in the United States.

As in human medicine, the new tools for agricultural research, the radioisotopes, have become available in quantity through atomic fission. Radioisotopes of scores of elements, such as carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, calcium, and potassium, are being manufactured in large quantities and cheaply at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, nuclear pile. Phosphorus, most widely used, is sold for $.1.10 per radiation unit (one millicurie), the AEC reports. Less than $100 worth will enable one experimental station to conduct research on fertilizers for a whole season.

The results of agricultural research with radioisotopes will come slowly. In fact, agricultural research with radiosotopes, according to the AEC, has raised in one year more questions than it has answered. Because of the multitude of unknown natural processes, the AEC expects that this multiplication of problems will continue for many years. Consequently, the field of research is being broadened continually by the AEC, the United States Department of Agriculture and agricultural schools

"Nature's Most Tightly Kept Plant Secret"

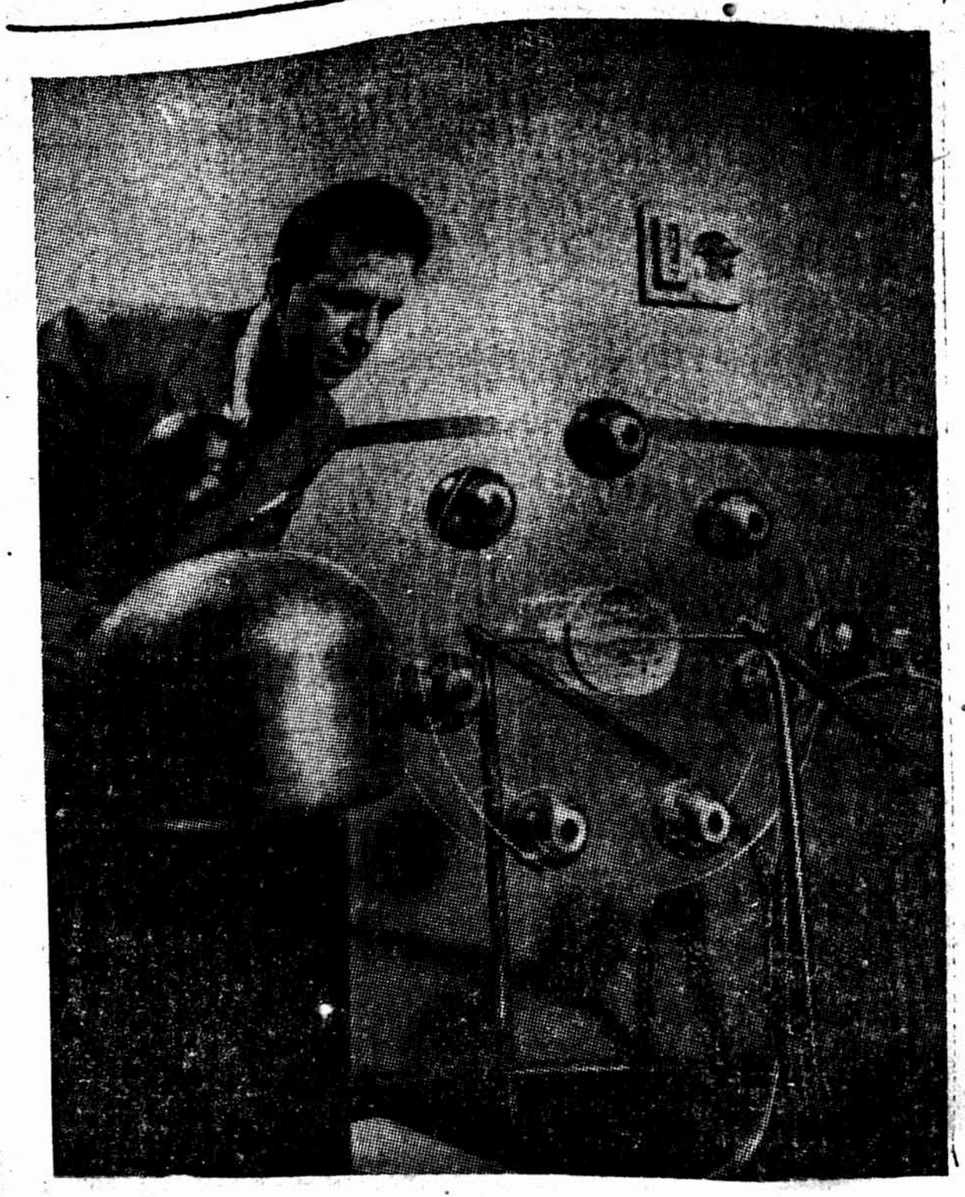
With the aid of radioisotope tracers, 18 laboratories are concentrating their studies on photosynthesis—nature's most tightly kept plant secret. Photosynthesis is the process in which, with the aid of sunlight, plants covert the chemicals of the soil and of the air into the food that makes life on earth possible. Its inner working remains largely a puzzle because of the minute quantities of soil chemicals involved. But radioisotopes already have revealed some facts about it. In photosynthesis tests, radiocarbon has revealed to observers much of what happens to carbon in the numerous biochemical transformations that take place in plants before carbon appears in the sugar, the fat and other plant products men and animals eat.

Scientists working with radioisotopes have discovered that at one step in photosynthesis a mysterious, still unidentified substance may combine with carbon with the aid of stored rather than direct sunlight. In these instances the sunlight is stored for later use by chlorophyll, green food-manufacturing agent of plant life.

The scientists have discovered the point at which the plant divides its chemical output. From this point, one path leads to sugar, another path to starch, and another to fat. In this discovery lies the hope for controlled and greatly increased food production. If man knew exactly how plants transform the carbon dioxide of the air and other chemicals, he might learn to duplicate photosynthesis in chemical laboratories. reosis over, some scientists believe it might become possible to "train" plants. By blocking one or the other of the three chemical production lines, plants might thus be induced to produce protei- instead of sugar and fat, or fan instead of sugar and protein. In this manner, plants might be made to produce the food man wants and needs. Each kind of plant might be trained for a special purpose. Land plants and sea plants that are largely inedible might be made to yield nourishment by a processof food extraction.

Discussing the application of atomic energy to agriculture at a meeting of scientists in the State of Alabama last year, David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the AEC, said:

"Much of the difference between a modern American farm and a backward, poverty-stricken farm can be expressed in one word: knowledge. We are now in a position to unlock new knowledge about life and matter and growth and disease..... One of the most glorious promises of atomic science is that it well may help to solve one of the most vexing problems of humanity—how to keep food production in pace with the growth of the world's population."



Dr. Fitz-Hugh B. Marshall, Director of Westinghouse's "Theatre of Atoms" show how atomic power may one day be put to constructive use. 200,000 volts of electricity move across small gap from a miniature atom smasher at left to copper balls on the plastic wheels.

EXCHANGE OF MUSIC

U. S. Initiates World-Wide Rehabilitation Program

Primarily engaged before the war in promoting friendly relationships abroad through exchange of music, many musical organizations in the United States are now also active in helping to rehabilitate such groups in other countries. This is reported by Mrs. Guy P. Gannett, chairman of the international music relations committee of the National Federation of Music Clubs in the United States. For 27 years, her committee has encouraged the use of foreign music in the United States and sent American music abroad upon request.

Since the war, the committee, cooperating with the music rehabilitation committee of the National Music Council (NMC), has sent nearly 5,000 pieces of music to the occupied areas, the Philippines, Poland and Yugoslavia.

The National Federation of Music Clubs has sent replacement parts to the Athens Symphony Orchestra and re-equipped the string sections of the Netherlands and Bulgarian State orchestras, th British Broadcasting Company's orchestra and the London Philharmonic.

The Leschetizky Association, a member of NMC, is working to meet the music needs of Chinese schools. Another ground — a musical fraternity associated with the Council - has undertaken to provide a complete musical library for the Philippines.

Funds for carrying on the music rehabilitation program, Mrs Gannett reports, have come from such organizations as the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.—USIS.

Winston Churchill with Mrs. Churchill and their daughter, Mrs. Mary Scames, paid a visit to the Olympia where they watched Bertram Mills' Circus. Photo shows, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill shaking hands with Coco the Clown.

Mr. Bevin the Foreign Minister meets Toski the Clown, with the Chinese Ambassador looking on in centre at Olympia.

Talking of Books—

INDIA AND ISRAEL

The labour movement in Israel has struck a new path for the amelioration of the working class and differs fundamentally from the ways and means adopted by labour in other countries. It differs from labour movement elsewhere in that the emphasis and inspiration of the movement in Israel come not from the industrial proletariat, but from agricultural classes. Unlike other labour movements, the movement in Israel expends vast amount of money on social welfare, housing, medical aid, educational institutes, clubs and other types of uplift activities. In fact "Histraduth" as the labour organisation in Israel is known, in some respects spends more for these activities than the Government itself. It also looks after the unemployed and attempts to establish a co-operative economy in the country. All this is far different from the type of labour movement we have in India. Indian labour will be profitable by taking a page from the labour movement in Israel. The facts are well brought out in a very lucid article by Mrs. Anita Kashyup in the December issue of "India and Israel".

The issue is packed with well edited news regarding Jews from all over the world and articles of Jewish and Indian interest. Indian press views on Arab-Israel problems constitute an interesting feature. The magazine contains a great deal of information on movements in Israel—information which is not available in any other magazine in India, information which should be helpful in enabling the Indian reader to come to a just understanding of the Jewish difficulties and problems.

REVIEWS OF GUJERATI BOOKS

"JIVANANU PARODHA" By Parbhudas Chhaganlal Gandhi—Navjivan Prakashan Mandir, Ahmedabad—Price Rs. 8. 1948.

The title of the book means, "The dawn of Life". It is a volume consisting of 644 closely printed pages and written by a member of Gandhiji's family, in close contact with him. It is illustrated and has an extensive index. It is divided into three parts and, besides giving the early history of Gandhiji and his family, his school life and incidents of that life carries the narrative to his life and life-work in South Africa, the foundation of the Phoenix Farm and Tolstoywadi, the mode of life and living there, and the struggle waged by him to put into practice his high and noble ideals in that alien and hostile country. The minute details of G. K. Gokhale's visit to Gandhiji and of other distinguished visitors are not only entertaining but informative. There is hardly any other book in Gujerati which sets out with such fullness the life of Gandhiji at the Phoenix Farm, the reason being that the author was one of its inmates. Kaka Kalelkar an intimate follower of Gandhiji, has contributed a short preface which he concludes like this: "We have not to taste only the Sahitya Rasa (literary Rasa) or Jivan rasa (biographical Rasa) out of this book, but have to imbibe pray by the experiments carried out by Gandhiji also. The experiments of Satyagraha going to jail and other incidents in his life which developed admirably later had their roots or origin in South Africa. The book gives us a complete picture, a TOUT ENSEMBLE of all that he did and accomplished there. It is a most valuable addition to Gujerati literature.

K.

ANTHOLOGY OF SAINT THYAGARAJA'S SONGS

"KRITIMANIMALAI": (Part I—out of stock, Part II Rs. 9-8-0, Part III 9-8-0, Part IV 10-0-0, R. Rangaramanuja Ayyangar, B.A., L.T., "Sabarmati", Sait Colony, Egmore, Madras-8.)

The Editor of this series, Sri R. Rangaramanuja Ayyangar, B.A., L.T., is not new either to the world of music or to that of journalism. He has to his credit a number of valuable contributions on music to journals like the 'Hindu', 'Triveni', 'Swatantra', 'Service', and 'Indian Thought.' He shouldered the task of editing Sri Papanasam Sivan's "Keertanamalai" as long ago as 1934, and Smt. Lalitangi's "Purandaramanimalai" in 1941. Having had intimate contacts with leading musicians of two generations, Mr. Ayyangar had the crowning experience of his musical apprenticeship when he sat at the feet of the late Veena Dhanam for twelve years and made an exhaustive study of her music in general and her Veena technique in particular, so that today, he and his talented daughter Smt. R. Padma may be deemed to preserve the traditions of Veena play that Dhanam represented with so much distinction in her own day.

The publication, "Kritimanimalai" is the first of its kind accomplished. Considering its plan, range, and magnitude, it is a stupendous achievement for a single individual, and is in great part a pioneer mission. As one looks through the four bulky volumes—the first three containing four hundred compositions of Thyagarajah and the fourth containing about a hundred and fifty pieces of Dikshitar, Syama Sastri and Kshetragna—they bear ample testimony to the author's vast scholarship and devotion to art, as well as to the gigantic industry and attention to minute details involved in the work of compilation and printing. To begin with, "Kritimanimalai" commemorates the Centenary of Sri Thyagarajaswami; and thereby hangs a tale. At an ad hoc meeting in 1941 of some musical enthusists to take steps to celebrate the centenary of Sri Thyagarajaswami in 1947, it was decided to bring out a centenary edition of the Saint's compositions. As a result, a few people capable of undertaking this work were brought together and Shri Rangaramanuja Ayyangar was one of them. While the others dropped out one by one, Sri Ayyangar by himself pursued the task and pieced together the collections and notes he had made over more than two decades and prepared manuscripts for four hundred Keertanas of the Saint." Again, the series is dedicated to the late Veena Dhanam with appropriate verses in Sanskrit, Telugu and Tamil by way of tribute to her memory. Tamil and Telugu scripts side by side, biographies and tricolour pictures of the Carnatic Music Trinity, authentic and very elaborate notation, bringing out in bold relief the warp and the woof, as it were, of the compositions, a large number of half tone pictures of musical celebrities of the last generation—these are some of the features of the publication.

In fine, this great musical treasure, covering no less than 540 classical compositions has been priced so as to within reach of all lovers of art and culture. As Part I was sold out soon after its publication last year, it may be hoped that the remaining parts will find a ready market, so that the author may complete his mission by adding a few more volumes to the series. In this connection the Government has special responsibility. A monumental work of this type has to be encouraged, if not subsidised. The least it can do is to induce public libraries to go in for the book. Thyagaraja's songs deserve to be known and appreciated, both for its philosophy and musical content by the North Indian public and a Hindi translation of his songs with proper notation will be welcome.

K. A. C.

"Indian News Chronicle" Special Congress Number

The Special Congress Number of "The Indian News Chronicle" is replete with timely articles and pictures. The number starts with a comprehensive survey of the achievements of the Nehru Government. Mr. Gadgil, Minister for Works, Mines and Power, Government of India, pleads for a reorientation in Congress ideals and constitution. Mr. Fenner Brockway, an old friend of India, suggests that the Commonwealth ideal may be a barrier to war and an incentive for peace in the world. Mr. N. Perual contributes a topical sketch of the new Congress President, Mr. S. C. Kala recalls the thrilling days of 1942 while Mr. Govind Sahai, Parliamentary Secretary to the U. P. Premier, depicts the evil wrought by the Muslim League to the Muslim community itself. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, India's Minister for Health, advocates nation-building on Gandhian principles and Pothan Joseph bemoans the fade-out of Liberals. The plight of refugees and the duty of Government on their behalf is surveyed by Mr. Pran Nath Mehta. N. G. Jog writes on the theme that the "Gandhian mantle falls on Nehru and Patel". Mr. R. R. Diwakar, Minister for Information, assesses the new objectives of the Congress and Dr. Bool Chand stresses the need for keeping the Communists under control in Hyderabad, if the position in that State is not to deteriorate irretrievably. Srimati Rajeswari Nehru's personal recollections of, and tribute to, Gandhiji, is touching and tender. There are also other articles by experts on economic questions, integration of states, minorities and Indian art. The full-page cartoons of "Kutty" lend spice to the interesting fare served in this special number which is well worth its price of Rupee One.

A MILTONIC THEME

KOSMOLOGIA or JAGAT GITA by Venbakkam Veeraraghavan, B.A. Published by the Gandhiji Press, Themi, District Madura pp.202. Rs.5-1948

Here is what may well be regarded as a unique achievement in modern poetic composition—a sequence of no less than 405 sonnets, written in a pattern of the poet's own, with well-chiselled, exquisite craftsmanship.

The theme of the sonnet-sequence is the eternal problem of evil and good and the perpetual struggle between these two forces for mastery of the world, a problem which was attempted to be tackled by a master-mind and epic poet of the genius of John Milton. The publishers claim that it "sets forth a new universology and offers an original scheme for the build of the seen and felt world. It is the greatest achievement in sonnet literature since the days of Shakespear".

I have had my patience strained, sometimes, to breaking point, going through these lofty sonnets dealing with a cosmological theme. But I have found some of them extremely absorbing and interesting. I wonder how many will be able to say they read the whole sequence through.

All the same, I extend my hearty congratulations to Poet Veeraraghavan on a difficult task admirably achieved.

P. R. KAIKINI

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The women, like all other citizens of the U.S.S.R., are masters of the untold wealth of their country — its first class mills and factories, railways, waterways and forests. Below is an analytical survey of the

RIGHTS OF WOMEN UNDER RUSSIAN CONSTITUTION

BY NADEZHDA ARALOVETS

TWELVE years have passed since the memorial day when the Extra-ordinary 8th Congres of Soviets approved the new Constitution of the USSR—the fundamental law of the Soviet Union, which gave legislative power to the victory of Socialism in the USSR.

Role Of An Active Builder

The Constitution of the USSR, which Soviet people named after its creator the Stalin Constitution granted the woman equal rights with the man in all spheres of state, economic, cultural and social-political life, securing for her equal pay for equal work. In the favourable conditions of Socialist society, the Soviet woman received the possibility to reveal in full the wealth of her skill and talent. Her will, energy, talent and her loyalty to the homeland have developed into an immense power. Strong in the consciousness of her freedom her right to freely work and create, sure of her future, the Soviet woman has become an active builder of the new Socialist life.

The Stalin Constitution has granted the woman equal rights with the man to elect and to be elected to all organs of government authority, beginning with the village and city Soviet of Working People's Deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. Utilising all the benefits of Socialist democracy, the woman takes an active part in the administration of the state. Two hundred and seventy-seven women are deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. More than 1,700 women are deputies of Supreme Soviets of the Constituent and Autonomous Republics. Over 480,000 women have been elected to the local Soviets. They are the best representatives of the Soviet people women who have won fame as masters of production at the mills and factories, on the collective farms or who have distinguished themselves as scientists, engineers, doctors and teachers.

The fact that so many women have been drawn into the administration of the state is a vivid demonstration of the truly popular character of the Soviet social system. In the USSR women are appointed to responsible government posts. Many hold leading positions in the government administrations and ministerial posts in the Constitutent and Autonomous Republics. Doctor Maria Kovrigina has been Deputy Minister of Public Health of the USSR for a number of years. The experience gained by engineer Elena Dzhaparidze helps her successfully cope with the duties of Deputy Minister of the Iron and Steel Industry of the USSR. Judge Anna Myasnikova is head of the collegium of the Supreme Court of the USSR.

Tatyana Zuyeva, head of the committee on the affairs of cultural and educational institutions, is member of the Council of Ministers of the RSFSR. The Ministry of the Light Industry in the Turkmen SSR has been administered for more than ten years by engineer Bakhta Altybayeva. Olga Lauristin is Minister of Cinematography of the Esthonian SSR. Zoya Andreyeva, a statesman of many years standing, is Chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the Chuvash Autonomous Republic.

Thousands of Soviet women are heads of factories, shops and shifts. Thousands are chairman and hundreds of y thousands leaders of links and teams on the collective farms.

Equal Social Status

The modern technique of the Socialist economy mechanization of the laborious production processes, the facilities for broadening knowledge and improvement of qualifications have made it possible for the woman to learn every trade and profession. The woman works alongside the man in every sphere of Soviet life, showing real efficiency everywhere: she is a combine operator, scientific worker, education worker, leader of economic enterprises and statesman. By drawing in big numbers of women for creative labour and social activities a sound foundation has been laid for the economic and social equality of Soviet women in Socialist society.

The women, like all other citizens of the USSR, are masters of the untold wealth of their country: its first class mills and factories, railways, its land, waterways and forests. The feeling of ownership arouses in them profound interest in the successful work of every enterprise and collective farm and in the prosperity of their country.

The Stalin Constitution has granted women equal rights of education. Thousands of women higher school graduates multiply the ranks of the Soviet intelligentsia every year.

There are more than 250,000 women engineers and technicians in the USSR. Over two million women are employed in public education, including 800,000 teachers of elementary and secondary schools. There are 126,000 women doctors in the Soviet Union and tens of thousands of scientific workers. The Institutes of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR alone employ 4,000 women, 600 of whom hold degrees of doctor and master of science. Members of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR include Academician Lina Stern. Nine women are corresponding members of the Academy, including the eminent historian Professor Anna Pankratova and the mathematician Professor Pelageya Polubarinova-Kochina.

Two hundred and fifty-nine women were awarded Stalin prizes for outstanding achievements, scientific discoveries and inventions. Stalin prize holders include the renowned selectionist Academician Elizaveta Ushakova, Professor Maria Petrova, D.Sc., Professor Alexandra Novoselova, D.Sc., scientific workers Olga Geiman and Tamara Yakovleva, engineers Marina Korentseva, Julia Yegoshina and many others.

Many of the Soviet women art workers, heroic fliers, parachute jumpers, aeronauts and sportsmen have won world-wide fame. The Soviet woman exemplifies an all round developed progressive person.

The Constitution of the USSR guarantees the woman the right to rest and leisure, to social insurance and maintenance in old age. The right to rest and leisure is ensured by the establishment of an eight-hour work day, the institution of annual vacations with full pay for factory and office workers. Hundreds of thousands of the working women spend their vacations at the finest health resorts in the country, at rest homes and sanatoria, where favourable conditions exist for both rest and treatment.

Soviet women made extensive use of the great democratic rights

(Continued on page 25)

SMTI. SAROJINI NAIDU, GOVERNOR OF U. P. IS AN IDEAL HOSTESS

Let us talk it over —

It is really a matter to be thought over as to what extent we women are responsible for the inhuman treatment meted out to our sex by society.

Here's but one incident which served as a provocation for turning the light of reasoning inwards.... A friend was narrating to a group the sad tale about her hubby's colleague a tall, stout, fair handsome-looking chap. The description (needless to add!) instantly made a hero of him A sympathetic atmosphere, so necessary for the narration, was immediately created.

Poor wretch! He had to sell for a song all his property in Pakistan. On top of this calamity his spouse had taken ill and was bed-ridden for over a year. Of late the fellow was getting thick with a fellow-refugee, probably a bright young thing. "Naturally so", to use the narrator's words "For, he had no social contacts in this vast new place... You could not expect him to be philosophic and sit moping in his room in the hotel.... Certainly, not at a young age" (which was about forty!). The audience who were rubbed on the right side nodded their heads in agreement

* * *

On the face of it there was nothing unusual about the story. But imagine a woman in exactly identical situation and the way her slightest action will be flayed by Mrs. Grundy in every neighbouring household. In the first place, a woman will not stay in a hotel but with some relations or friends. Just one late evening outside and she will be made to feel the "unnaturalness" in her behaviour. Such matters will never be noticed in the case of a man. In the second place, the woman will be a mother of a couple of children. So she will be expected to devote her time ond energy to them.

However, it never dawns upon the critics that a child cannot be company to an adult even though the latter be its mother. May she not seek company of one whose is on the same intellectual level as her self and has simillar interests? Tongues start wagging even if a woman is friendly with her husband's best friend; It will not be the whole truth to say that this attitude is but natural in our Society where there s no "mixed life" in the real sense of the term. It may be so but upto a point only. The rub lies in having two different sets of moral codes for men and women.

This brings to mind yet another and a sadder tale. It is about a young couple but in this case the husband was a victim of shell-shock and for which he was effectively treated. But unfortunately he developed some other trouble and is now lying in the hospital with both his legs paralysed and with scanty hopes of a complete recovery. Their only kind is no more. But the mother is an educated woman and can get a job to support herself. If the child at least were living, the woman could have had come interest in life and something to look forward to — the daughter's education, her marriage and grand—children.

What do you except this woman to do? If she is to be saved from becoming a mental wreck (which is most likely in the face of utter frustration) she must have a full-time occupation. But in that case she is likely to come across a number of persons and she may even develop friendship with a patricular individual. And if I know my kind, women will be the first to damn her as a heartless creature. 'Her place should be by the side of her ailing partner and not in the arms of another man." They will say.

Now, why such violently contrasting attitudes towards two equally important constituents of the Society? Why this readiness to grant the weakness of flesh in one party? It is because our minds are so much seaped with centuries-old ideas of the woman's slavish loyalty to the man, her lord and master, that we fail to grasp the most obvious and human factors involved in cases like this. It is not realised that she is as much human as the man.

* * *

There pervades a sense of disappointment over the postponement of the All-India Women's Conference which for the past few years has been celebrated as a gala function on the eve of the New Year. But all those resolutions used to be treated as New Year Resolutions. Let's hope the changed schedule will enable us to tell a different tale. A Bright New Year to you all readers. . . .

* * *

—*Leela*

COOKERY NOTES

GUAVA CHUTNEY

These days the stalls are bursting with guavas. There are a few varieties of them. The fruit from Allahabad side where it is locally known and most appropriately too as amrut (nectar) is most delicious and contains less seeds. This kind is particularly good for jelly making. But the cheaper quality which is grown in this side of good for making pickles or chutney. Here's how:

Take two big-sized guavas, wash well and cut into pieces. Grate half a coconut and extract juice. Have one tablespoonful each of monkey nuts and 'Til' plus a few finely cut pieces of copra. Fry these in a little quantity of oil and grind to a fine paste. Keep ready a few pieces of dates (kharik). Heat a dessertspoonful oil add ½ teaspoon mustard, 4 chillies, 2 cloves and add the guava pieces, the massale, dates, 2 teaspoons sugar and salt to taste. Add coconut juice later and remove from fire when the guava is soft. Squeeze one whole lime and serve.

* * *

STUFFED CHILLIES

Buy half pound big chillies which are available in this season. They are not very hot like the small variety. Dip in water and dry with cloth. Make small slits on each with a sharp knife. Keep ready about 3 tablespoonfuls of 'besan' (gram dal powder), add to it 1 desertspoonful grated copra, 1 teaspoon 'jira' powder, a little dash of sugar and salt to taste. Mix well and fill in the chillies. Heat oil in a broad bottomed pan adding a pinch of asafoetida and ½ teaspoon mustard and a little of turmeric powder. Add the chillies. Stir two or three times and remove the pan from the fire.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN UNDER RUSSIAN CONSTITUON

(Continued from page 24)

granted to all citizens of the USSR: freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and the holding of meetings, freedom of street processions and demonstrations. Wommen have been given fine public buildings for their meetings, Dozens of women's magazines are issued in the country. Women have unrestricted possibilities for expressing their views in all papers.

Right To Unite

The Constitution grants women, like the men citizens of the Soviet Union, the right to unite in public organisations in order to develop their organisational initiative and political activity. Millions of the women factory and office workers are united in trade unions. Millions upon millions of peasants are members of co-operative societies. Millions of girls are members of the Young Communist League and more than a million women are members of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Soviet women take an active part in the scientific, cultural and sports societies. They have their own public organisation—the Soviet Women's Anti-Fascist Committee—which is the vanguard of the women's international democratic movement in the struggle for peace and democracy, in the struggle against imperialistic reaction and the warmongers.

The Stalin Constitution guards the great rights of the woman to work, to education, to rest and leisure and also her sacred right to motherhood. In the Soviet Union wide scale measures have been adopted to safeguard the interests of mother and child. In 1947, for example, 10,000,000,000 roubles were appropriated from the State budget on aid to mothers of large families and unmarried mothers, on the organisation and maintenance of the children's sanatoria, hospitals and other mother and child welfare institutions.

The years of Soviet power for the women of the national republics have been years of rapid political and cultural development, of rapid advance to knowledge and science. Thousands of the women in the national republics have developed into skilled workers, organisers and leaders of production, statesmen, workers of science and art.

Soviet people are marking the 12th anniversary of the Stalin Constitution with fine achievements. In the three post-war years the Soviet Union did not only achieve pre-war production but exceeded it, demonstrating the advantages of the Socialist system of economy and of the Soviet state.

These successes of the Socialist country are due in no small measure to the achievements of the Soviet women. Their selfless work has strengthened the USSR, glorified the Socialist country, which is the bulwark of peace and security, the freedom and independence of the nations.—

GIRL STUDENTS OF THACKERSEY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN PERFORMING GYPSY FOLK DANCE AT THE ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING HELD RECENTLY.

THEY WANT YOUR MONEY

(Continued From Page 5)

has made me extremely suspicious of wills which are supposed to have been found in this way.

The average person makes a will because he wants his property to be divided in a certain way and, normally, he is extremely careful to put it where it can be found easily and not to hide it in any place where it might be completely lost.

Normally, people who forge such things as wills slip up on many other points besides the writing.

In one case I had to investigate, and which concerned what was supposed to be a very old will, the forger had written it on paper which was not even made at the date when the will was supposed to have been signed! In addition the typewriter used to fill in the body of the will had not been manufactured and the type of paper clip used to fasten the sheets together had not been invented! On top of that, the will bore the name of a street which had not, at that date been constructed!

TYPEWRITERS' "FINGER PRINTS"

Typewritten forgeries are very common and, fortunately, are usually very easy to detect.

The forgeries investigator keeps large files showing the different styles of type used on the different makes of machines together with details of the dates on which they were introduced.

Typewriter manufacturers alter their type faces from time to time, so it is comparatively easy to say which make of machine was used to type certain parts of the document and even to deduce the particular model employed.

In addition, no two typewriters—even new ones—type exactly the same.

Instead of the letters being dead vertical they slope, ever so slightly, to one side or the other. Some letters will be only one-quarter of one degree out of vertical. Others will be two or three degrees out. Similarly, one side of a letter will print just a fraction more heavily than the other side. There are dozens of defects of this nature and they form the "fingerprints" of the machine concerned.

No two typewriters all have the same defects and, therefore, it is more or less only a mechanical job to identify the work done by any particular machine especially when one uses the delicate measuring instruments and glass rules which the forgeries investigator uses.

THE HERALD OF A NEW YEAR

(Continued From Page 4)

the port of the salubrious Portuguese islands of Madeira. From the sea the whole place looks like a blaze of fairy colours, the illuminations creeping from town—houses and shops all being lit up—up the hillsides, and graduating in colour from the deep red along the sea-shore to white in the distance. Perhaps the most enchanting feature of all is the display of fire works which begins at midnight. The display is on an impressive scale, and arranged with consummate skill, there being no fewer than a dozen principal consummations. Fireworks are sent up from the ships too, and often as volleys of rockets rise, gigantic cascades of fire fall The celebrations are justly famed, for they improve each year, and they attract quite a number of ships which put into the harbour specially to see them

In Latin America

In Latin America many similar jollities are carried out, the great majority of them having originated in Portugal and Spain. The greatest fun witnessed in the latter country is that of the grape swallowing. It is seen at its best in Madrid, where, as midnight draws on crowds gather for the annual feast of swallowing a dozen large grapes as the Home Office clock strikes midnight. The rendezvous is the Puerta del Sol, sometimes known as the Trafalgar Square of Madrid. Ancient tradition decrees that whoever manages to accomplish the feat may feel safe from all ills during the succeeding twelve months.

It is reckoned that on the average a thousand tons of grapes are consumed every New Year's Eve, and a large trade is done in dainty baskets to hold the fruit The kind which renders the feat more difficult is the Almeria, a variety of the size of small plums. It is usual for the theatres and similar places of amusement to hold up the programme for a minute or so while both actors and audience gulp down the fruit Some even contribute the fruit free.

In Canada the Governor-General holds a New Year Eve, while in the United States hundreds of thousands of visitors crowd into New York, the hotels reaping a small fortune from them. All the hotels are fully booked, and high prices are paid for reservations. As in Madrid great numbers of merry-makers go to one of the city's most important centres. In New York about a million flock to Times Square to see the fall of the glowing white ball from the top of a flagpole on "the old" Times Building, signifying the birth of the New Year . It is a signal for the throwing of vast quantities of confetti, the police generally being covered beneath showers of it, and chains of paper streamers envelop passers by. The "watch night" service is extremely popular, churches being full, and at midnight chimes and carillons ring out over the city, while from the harbour and river comes the less melodious roars and screeches from the sirens of the ferry-boats and the great Atlantic liners.

The Chinese Way

The Far East likewise welcomes the New Year effusively, although their date does not quite coincide with ours. In China the shops are all shut down, and everybody makes merry with leasts, fireworks and exchange of presents The streets are hung with gay lanterns, fireworks explode the thousands, and all kinds of Oriental delicacies are given and received. New clothes are worn, debts are paid, and every house is swept and cleaned for the occasion. In Japan, where outward courtesies are much conformed to. everybody takes a holiday, which is spent in visiting and merrymaking. Garden gates, doorways, and windows are all adorned with leaves and flowers. Everywhere perfect courtesy prevails, with much bowing and exchange of compliments

---

An actor not so well-known as he thought he was received an offer of a part in a new London show. Being on tour at the time, he replied by telegram:—

"Will accept double what you offer. Otherwise count me out."

Next day he received a telegram which read:—

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, OUT."

* * *

It was long after midnight. The author looked haggard and worn. He had been working on his novel.

"Darling" called his wife, "are you coming to bed?"

"No," muttered the author. "I've got the pretty girl in the clutches of the villain and want to get her out."

"How old is the girl?" asked his wife.

"Twenty-two," informed the writer.

"Then put out the lights and come to bed," snapped the wife. "She's old enough to take care of herself."

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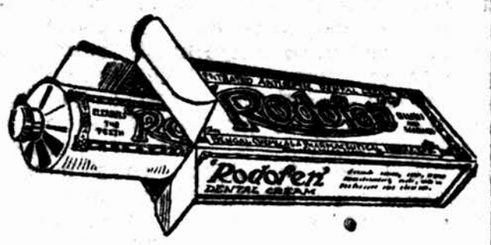

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THE MISERY THAT IS CHINA TODAY

HOW FAR IS COUNTRY 'RED'?

BY MAJ. GEN. A. C. GOODYEAR

Exclusive To "The Bombay Chronicle Weekly"

DESPITE news from Shanghai Nanking and Hugchad of food riots and the impending flights of American defendents in the face of the Communist advance, China today is restless, but far from panic stricken.

China to-day is in the condition described in an old French proverb: the more it changes, the more it remains the same.

The people of Peiping, native and foreign alike, tell you that the Communists can take the city whenever they feel like it. Yet they will remain there with little fear of what Communist occupation may mean. Some of the more timid have been shifting their possessions from Peiping and Hong Kong. Others are moving from Shanghai to Peiping. But the majority are indifferent.

"No matter who is emperor we will still pay taxes," is a Chinese peasant proverb.

No Aid From Russia?

There is no proof that the Reds have been receiving aid from Russia, probably because they have not needed it. Nationalist troops have surrendered in large numbers and provide their foes with the arms and ammunition the U.S. has been furnishing.

When I reached Peiping, hotels were overcrowded and my accommodations were in "the worst inn's worst room." But I would have been happy under much poorer conditions. The Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, the summer palace, the endless lines of little shops, the pedicabs filling the crowded streets: it is all fascinating.

The Forbidden City throws in the shade any other palace in the world; it is a two-file long succession of gates and courts surrounded by yellow-tiled, fantastically beautiful buildings.

The travel books say that Shanghai is a shopping centre. That is no longer true. The shops are full of goods but the merchants put prohibitive prices on what they have to offer. They have no confidence in the gold Yuan and ask from five to ten times what the same things can be bought for in Peiping and even in New York.

The black market is active everywhere.

The pattern of Communist control in other countries will probably be followed in China. But a satellite nation of 450,000,000 people may prove a trifle unwieldy. The Chinese always have had a way of absorbing their conquerors.

The small businessman and the farmers do not care who governs. They are accustomed to a marginal existence, to corruption and incompetence. Only recently has the system of army pay been changed. Now the soldier gets his meagre money from a paymaster. Formerly the pay was turned over to the general, who took what he thought the traffic would bear and passed the remainder down the line to run the gauntlet of the lower echelons. The landowners have held the peasantry under a tight control for countless ages. One of the attractions of Communism is its promise of agrarian reform.

Most old China hands think Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek is honest but believe his subordinates in the Kuomintang almost all are corrupt.

Effect On Rest Of Asia

It is possible that the stubbornness of the Russians on the Berlin question may be designed to draw the world's attention from the far more important and dangerous situation in China and the Far East generally. In at least nine of the Far East countries there is internal disorder and something very like civil war. What effect will a Communist control of the 450,000,000 people of China have on the rest of Asia?

In Manila, President Elipidio Quirino told me he had no fear of Communist control there. Manila is rebuilding slowly.

The President made a significant remark during my interview with him. He said: "We are sure that if there is another world war the Phillippines will not be an unnecessary field of battle."

President Quirino is pushing the claims of his Government for reparation from Japan, but it is very doubt ful if anything of real value can be obtained. The American Government is paying large amounts on war-damage claims, on the theory that the damage was caused by our armed forces' operations

From Manila I flew by night to Bangkok through a thunderstorm. Siam is about the only country in the Far East that has hard money. For the necessities of life it is self-sustaining. Exports of rice, tin, rubber and teak produce a favourable trade balance. There have been shortages of clothing and medicine but the long alley called sampheng, where the wholesale business is centered, now has an ample supply of materials.

The cost of living has been slightly lowered. The Government is under army control. Premier Phibun is a Marshal.

Luang Phi Bun Songkram, to give his full title and name, is a charming man, who is serving his second term as Premier. He says there are few Siamese Communists and the real Red threat is from China, Indo-China, Malaya or Burma.

SIAM DOES NOT SEEM TO BE A FERTILE SOIL FOR COMMUNISM. MOST OF THE FARM LANDS ARE OWNED BY THE PEASANTS. PRICE IS PLENTIFUL, THE PEOPLE LOOK HAPPY AND CONTENTED. LIFE IS EASY.

NATIONALIST China today is in the grit of the remnants of the old "CC Clique" which forms the right wing of the kuomintang Party headed by Chiang Kai-shek.

The titular heads of this clique are the Chen brothers-Li-Fu and Kuo-Fu-Who, with the aid of the military and the landowners, control the ruling apparatus of the party.

A Nation Full with Swindlers

The party, as now constituted, is largely the political tool of the army leaders, wealthy landlords and the war-nurtured army of Chinese bureaucrats who owe allegiance directly to Generalissimo Chiang.

During the war, it was widely believed—and still is, for that matter—that Chiang personally was incorruptible. But the top party functionaries around him were reported to have amassed huge personal fortunes.

Many Chinese officials see nothing wrong in holding down an important Government Ministry and operating a private business at the same time. Sometimes these businesses are the very undertakings their ministries are supposed to govern.

H. H. (Daddy) Kung, amiable former premier, was one example. For a time, he was war-time Premier, Finance Minister and, privately, President of the Bank of China—all rolled into one. Rumours of the wealth he was supposed to have acquired were legion.

Militarily, the starving of peasant recruits to the Chinese army and the padding of payrolls with the names of the dead is the accepted way for Chiang's generals to squeeze graft out of their jobs.

Not all officials in China are corrupt, however. There are scores of earnest, hard-working officials of the type of Dr. Wong Wen-Hao, and T. V. Soong, former Premier, whose integrity never has been questioned.

The thing to remember about graft in China is that it extends from the highest to the lowest, from the petty to the scandalous. Morally, it is almost condoned.

Squeeze has been a part of China's inner fabric for so many centuries, it is taken for granted.

It has always been difficult, if not impossible, to weed out the big profiteers because, as one Chungknig economics professor, a member of the People's Political Council, once pointed out:

"The big war profiteers also are the present or former ranking officials in the central and provincial governments—or, if not officials, the strongest supporters of the Central Government."

The tragedy is that graft occurs at all levels of Chinese officialdom at a time when the lot of the average peasant is becoming unbearable. Skyrocketing inflation and food shortages have taken a terrific toll.

The peasants who represent the bulk of the population have just about given up hope that Chiang ever will do anything for them. The need for drastic reforms has been long overdue.

During the war, censorship hid the plight of the Chinese peasant from American view. Chiang was able to ward off periodic American pressure for military and civil shakeups by promising reforms. The reforms never came.

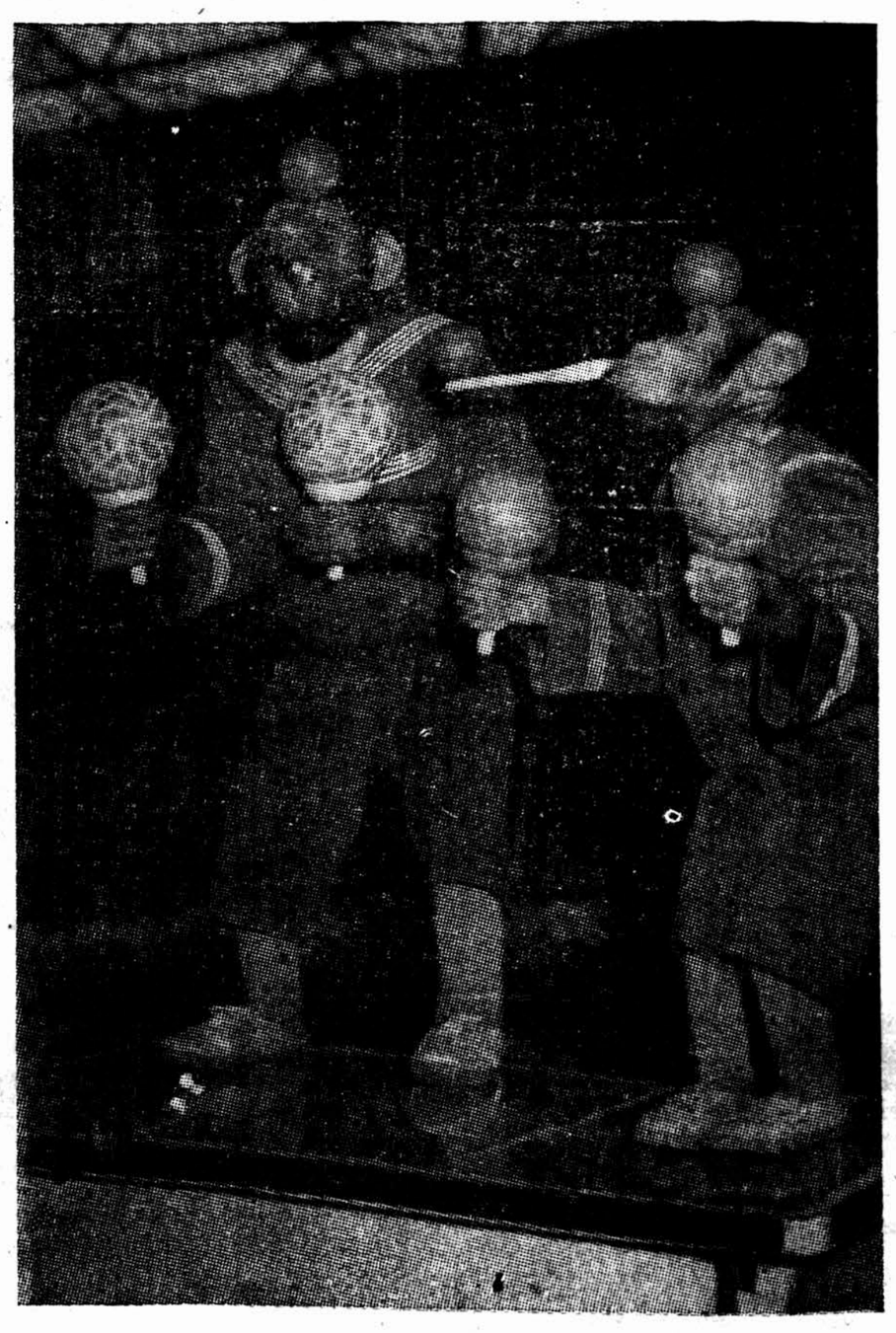
However, there is this much to be said for Chiang's position: he has never expressed himself against reforms. He has always said he cannot reform practices that have been part of China's economic system for ages and still give full attention to fighting Communists.

Chiang wants to put first things first. Defeat the Communists, then launch land reforms, he says.

American officials at first were inclined to go along with him. But graft and ten years of wars have so weakened his regime, there is doubt now that he can even defeat the Reds without outside help.

Some State Department officials believe that Chiang's popular support is falling away. They doubt he can lead a prolonged drive against the Communists, let alone stem the tide of Communist expansion in the orient.

That is what makes the war news coming out of China so ominous.



Two of the "Juggling Chimpazees" rehearse their amusing act at Olympia ready for the opening of the Bertram Mills Circus.

JOSHIMAHARAJ JOOTHABHAI LABAADDAS READS WORLD'S HOROSCOPE

(Continued from Page 3)

ways dangerous to swap horses in midstream, in the same way it's fatal to change mares in the midstream of life.

Let the Romeos and Juliets remember that we are mere authomata of nature. Looking to the stars (not of Hollywood, let me hasten to add) in the heavens they will be so situated that they will unhinge the mind of even the most balanced persons. It's human nature to like the other fellow's things (animate—as well as inanimate!) best. When Lord Mountbatten was in India, at a civic reception he was given a cup of coffee. Immediately he fell in love with it, and exclaimed: Why don't I get such coffee in my own place"? This was probably a case of love at first sight—raher taste. Men's (and women's equally well tastes, this year, will be somewhat like that of the noble Lord, and they will, on looking to the enchantresses, exclaim: Why shouldn't I have such a wifey in my own place"? This will also apply in the case of the Eves who will equally (if not more) be indiscreet over their (supposedly) Princes Charming. Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us, to see others' wives as we see our"! cries the Chela (vainly, of course). Will his advice fall on deaf ears and love—(or will it be passion) blinded eyes?

EPIDEMIC OF DIVORCES

Epidemic of divorces will spread to royalties and nobilities too the germs having taken roots from Egypt and Persia. When asked to explain their attitude they will simply say: Its God's will". Of course, dear readers, it's only in such rare cases of royalties that God will care to exercise His 'will'! Otherwise in cases of ordinary mortals it must be the Satan who must be exercising his will! The cause of many divorces will be economic—the 'woes of want' A wag will make a suggestion in the press to alter the marriage vow thus: 'Till dearth do us part', which will be well received by host of correspondents seeking such an opportunity to see themselves in print. 'Enpassant', personally speaking, inflation won't much hit spinsters, as there will be fewer marriages (Better luck next year!). "Evil to him who evil thinks"!

The Chela will be at the readers service, next week also, giving prophecy on kings and cabbages princes and paupers. Readers' suggestions on items of prophecy will not be unwelcome.

Two recruits were pegging down a tent; one was holding the pegs for the other to hit. Attempting to give a peg a heft blow, the man with the mallet slipped and caught the other a nasty smack on the head.

Rising, the man with the bump whispered to the other: "Don't muck about. The sergeant's watching us!"

* * *

"Darling," a mother reproved her daughter, "you were awfully late last night. I'm afraid I'm dreadfully old-fashioned but I should like to know where you were."

"Certainly, Mum, I dined with—oh, well, you don't know him; and we went to several places I don't suppose you've been to; and finished at a queer little club—I forget its name, but it's in a cellar somewnere in town. So everything's all right, isn't it. Mum?"

"Of course, darling. It's only that I just like to know."

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER
ISN'T NATURE WONDERFUL? A MILLION YEARS AGO SHE DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE GOING TO WEAR SPECTACLES, YET LOOK AT THE WAY SHE PLACED OUR EARS!
GLADYS PARKER
11-13

These Pigmies Lived 1,000,000 Years Ago!

DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA OF A LONG-EXTINCT RACE OF PREHUMAN PYGMIES—PROBABLY THE MOST SIGNIFICANT ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN HALF A CENTURY—HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED THROUGH THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF PHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

THESE CREATURES LIVED MORE THAN 1,000,000 YEARS AGO. THEIR AVERAGE WEIGHT WAS ABOUT 100 POUNDS. THEY WALKED ERECT, HUNTED GAME WITH CLUBS, AND HAD DISCOVERED THE USE OF FIRE. THEIR BODIES WERE DELICATELY PROPORTIONED AND ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE HUMAN FORM.

ON THEIR SMALL BODIES THEY CARRIED RELATIVELY ENORMOUS APELIKE HEADS. THEIR BRAINS WERE APPROXIMATELY THE SIZE OF THOSE OF LARGE GORILLAS, WHO APPROACH NEAREST TO MAN OF ALL NON-HUMAN ANIMALS.

These prehuman pygmies apparently were intelligent and energetic. Yet they were not men. They were manlike apes—as are the gorilla and chimpanzee. It is barely possible that these pygmies belonged to the direct evolutionary line from which came the human race. If this is found to be the case, it will force fundamental revisions in the present theories of human descent from lower animals.

The present indication is that these animals represented an entirely different offshoot from the anthropoids who evolved in a direction parallel to that of man's ancestors but became extinct.

New Name For Find

The new find, announced by Prof. Raymond A. Dart of the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, South Africa, has been given the scientific name of "Australopithecus prometheus". "Australopithecus" is the name of a group of fossil manlike apes found in South Africa whose bones show many humanlike characteristics and which are believed to be related remotely to the prehuman pygmies. The world "Prometheus" has been added to designate the olympian god who taught man the use of fire.

For the past three years, students and faculty of the Wit-watersrand University have been exploring the dumps of an abandoned limeworks at Makananagat in the Central Transvaal. They were encouraged to search through tons of stone by finding bones of several fossil baboons such as already had been found associated with apemen.

But these baboon fossils were different from any previously encountered. Their skulls usually were smashed as if from well-aimed club blows delivered from front, side or rear. Moreover, some showed signs of the effect of fire. The final-reward of their labours came Professor Dart reports to the American Association of Physical Anthropologists with the finding of a humanlike eccipital bone, part of the skull from which it was possible to make a tentative brain reconstruction. This was followed by the discovery of other bones from which it has been possible to build up a fairly accurate picture of the prehuman creature. Professor Dart has just written Dr. T. D. Stewart, Smithsonian Institution Curator of Physical Anthropology, that a complete lower jaw, with teeth intact, of a juvenile australopitheus prometheus has just been found, This has not yet been fitted into the general picture.

Brain Capacity

The portions of skull bone found, Professor Dart believes, belonged to a female. They indicate a brain capacity of about 650 cubic centimeters. The largest gorilla brain yet known was that of an infant brought to the National Zoological Park in Washington a few years ago which died when about four years old. The skull had a capacity ol about 600 cubic centimeters, indicating the largest nonhuman brain ever found. The smallest non-patholotical human brain known had a capacity of about 900 cubic centimeters. It is highly improbable that the brain of the Washington gorilla ever would have become much larger, although if he had lived, he might have reached a total weight of between 400 and 500 pounds.

Intelligence in the animal kingdom is apparently not correlated directly with brain weight, per se, but with the ratio between brainweight and body weight. Professor Dart calculates from other evidence that an adult "Australopithecus Prometheus" would have weighed between 80 and 100 pounds. The brain' of a male specimen probably would have been slightly larger than that of the female.

Hence this strange creature musta have been vastly more intelligent than the most intelligent gorilla.

It would have compared quite favourably with the grotesque "pithecanthropus erectus' of Java, the apeman of about 1,000,000 years ago, who hitherto has generally been accepted as the first known creature in the human line, although not a human being in the true sense of the word.

South Africa—Home Of Man?

There is a possibility, it is admitted, that man may have originated in South Africa, arising directly from the "Australopithecus Prometheus" stock, rather than evolving in Southern Asia from the generalized Pithecanthropus stock.

This is difficult to reconcile, however, with the known distribution of early man, and Professor Dart's find is considered as more likely to be representative of a group of superintelligent small apes who went a long way in a parallel line to human evolution.

AMERICAN WOMEN V. EUROPEAN WOMEN

(Continued from Page 20)

man is a part of our culture and how much he resents the new approaches to life which have resulted from democracy, with its stress on the importance of the individual."

WHO IS MORE HAPPY?

Mrs. Mudd doubts that European women are any happier than their American sisters. "They're merely more content with their lot and their status," she says. "They belong to a conservative, older level of civilization and have adjusted to a state of affairs that American women declare unsatisfactory.

"American women today—the more intelligent and far-seeing ones—are determined to remove traces of the old stigma of inferiority, the kind of inferiority that stamps them as of less value to civilization than men and incapable of the highest development possible to human beings.

"Many women in America today are confused by the ideals held up before them. They're exhorted to please men by being eternally young and beautiful. They're urged to buy more labour-saving devices, so that they'll be happy and satisfied. All this distracts them from establishing a value for themselves as useful, creative members of society.

"It's the creative, pioneering spirit in American women, their efforts to formulate new ideals for marriage and the home, that is often misinterpreted by even wise psychologists as neuroticism.

"American women do not believe in adjusting themselves to an antiquated social system. On the contrary, they believe in changing the system so that they can take their place in it as human beings equal in value to men in the struggle to achieve a higher civilization."

WINNING CONTRACT

By Howard Schenken And Richard L. Frey

THE ability of your opponents frequently is your best guide to a "guess" situation. Unfortunately for their side, North and South failed to reach the easier contract of three no-trump on this deal. Against five clubs, West went into a considerable huddle and finally led a small trump. South won and led the heart queen. West won with the ace, and after some more thought continued with another trump. North took this trick with the nine and East showed out.

Dummy's heart king was cashed, declarer discarding a spade. By now it was obvious that the contract could be made only if declarer were able to set up two more heart tricks in dummy, while losing only one trick in the process. The simplest way to do this was to lead a third round of hearts and trump it, hoping that the jack would fall. The club king then would serve as entry to dummy and two more losers could be jettisoned on the good hearts. But here was a case where the simplest, and mathematically the most likely method, should not be followed. The reason was that West was John Crawford. Now Johnny is a great expert who makes few mistakes.

When he led a trump the first time, it hinted that he was not particularly afraid dummy's hearts could be set up for discards. His second trump lead was made with dummy in plain sight. Unless he held the heart jack, he certainly would fear that declarer could get some quick discards; if he were left with the heart jack only once guarded, he must be equally afraid that declarer would ruff it out. In either case, he would shift and try to collect two tricks in a hurry. The fact that he did NOT shift surely indicated that he had the jack still twice guarded.

Both sides vulnerable.
South dealer.

NORTH
♠ J 4 3
♡ K 10 8 7 6
◇ 5 2
♣ K 9 4

WEST
♠ K 7
♡ A J 5 4
◇ 9 8 6 3
♣ 5 3 2

EAST
♠ Q 10 9 6 2
♡ 9 3 2
◇ K Q J 7
♣ 8

SOUTH
♠ A 8 5
♡ Q
◇ A 10 4
♣ A Q J 10 7 6

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♣	Pass	1♡	Pass
3♣	Pass	4♣	Pass
5♣	All Pass		

But by crediting Johnny with the skill he undoubtedly possesses, declarer can make the contract. The heart ten is led from dummy. When East's nine appears, declarer discards another spade. West can win with the jack, but now declarer has two good hearts in dummy on which to park both the remaining diamond losers.

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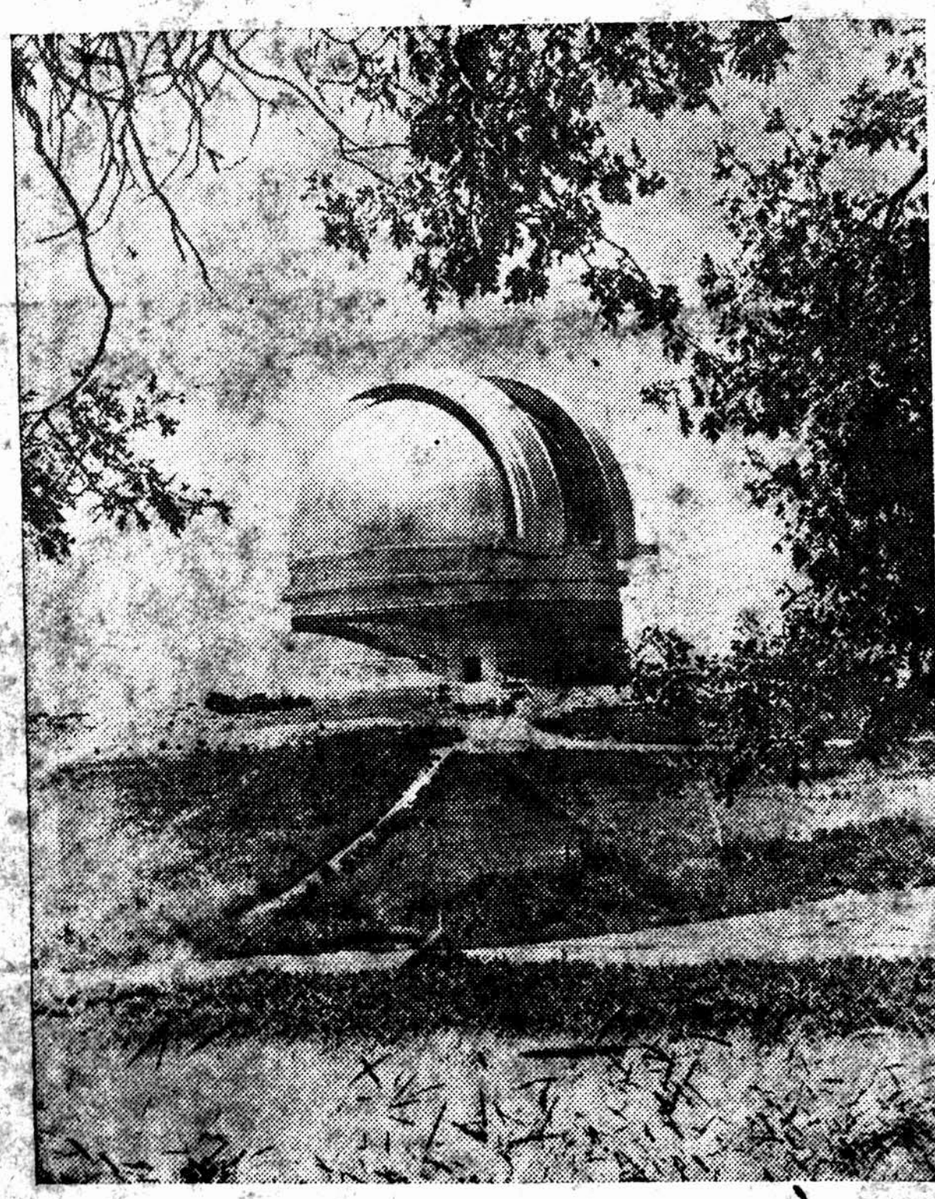
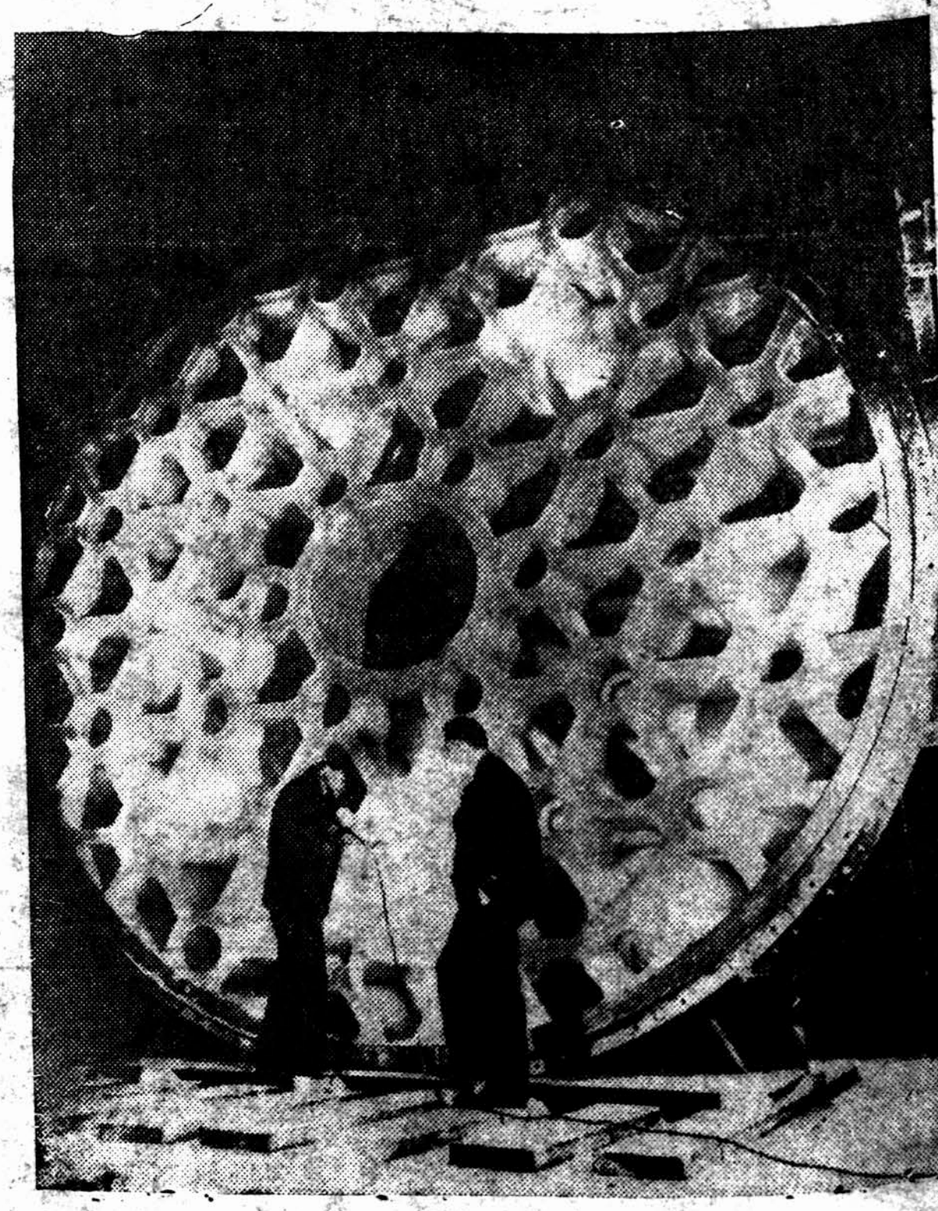
PROBING THE PLANETS



The 10-story-high observatory of the California Institute of Technology, at Mount Palomar, California, which houses the 200-inch telescope. Electrical machinery rotates the huge dome and opens and closes the shutters. The building has its own heating, refrigerating and airconditioning systems, so that all its rooms can be maintained at a constant temperature and humidity.



Dr. G. V. McCauley and Dr. J. C. Hostetter, Corning Glass Works research physicists who were primarily responsible for the casting of the 200-inch mirror, are shown inspecting the up ended reflector at Pasadena, California. Dr. McCauley is using a polariscope to test the ribbed back of the disk for strain.

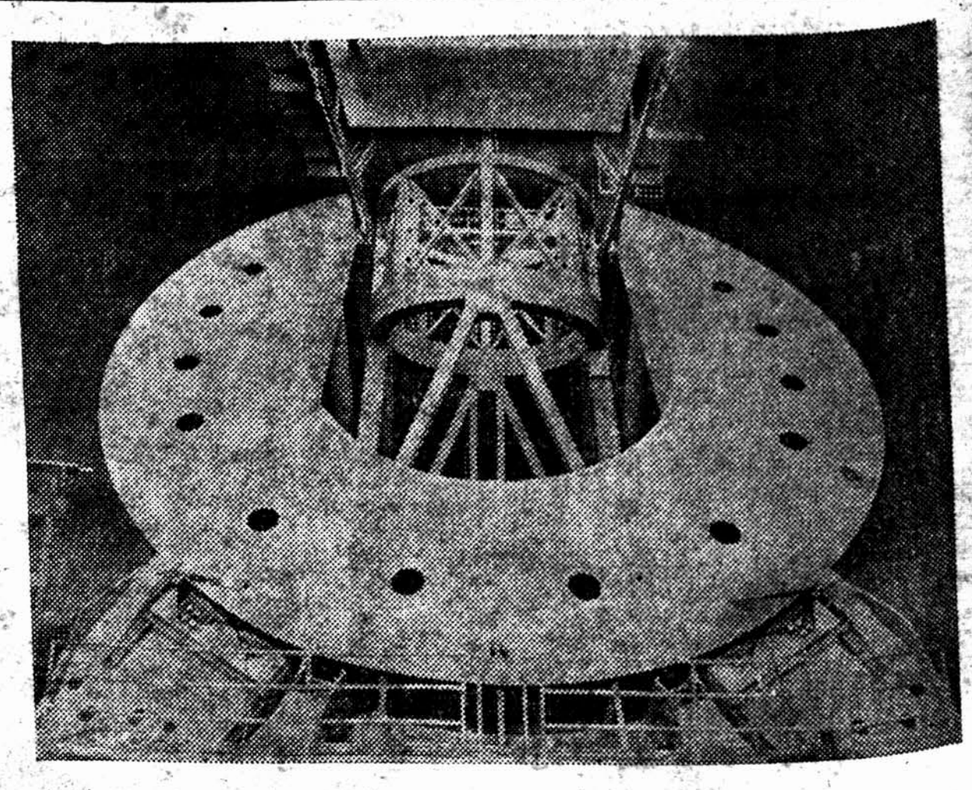
New Eye, New Universe

The famous 200-inch Palomar telescope, capable of penetrating celestial mysteries a billion light years away, has gone into operation in the summer of 1948. Astronomers expect that this inconceivably delicate and powerful instrument, located on Mt. Palomar in California, will add vastly to our knowledge of outer space and the nature of the universe. Beyond that, there is a hope that it will give us clues to the most complex enigma of all: creation. Perhaps man has, at last, an instrument capable of setting the mighty timescale of the universe as a whole, and even of fixing an approximate date for the dawn of creation.

The giant instrument at Palomar has taken twenty years work by the world's finest optical and engineering experts. It is not a mammoth spyglass, but rather a precision camera, whose findings will be written in terms of billions of years, miles to the twenty-first power of ten, and velocities fully half the speed of light. Yet the actual measurements that establish these inconceivable quantities will be made with micrometers on photographs a few inches square.

Visitors to Palomar Mountain, may be annoyed to find that they cannot take a look at the stars. Not even the astronomers will look through the great instrument, except for occasional checking or relaxation. Photo-chemistry will replace the human eye. Everything the machine discovers will be revealed by one raw material only, light—often starlight so faint that a single plate may require exposure night after night for a week, before any image is obtained. Tiny differences in wave length, minute variations in color and intensity, must supply all the data for confirming theories of cosmic importance.

Two of the leading scientists of the U.S. are shown inspecting a scale model of the giant telescope on Mount Palomar. At the left is Dr. Max Mason, chairman of the Observatory Council of the California Institute of Technology. At the right is Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Nobel prize winner in physics; and professor of physics, emeritus, and vice president of the board of trustees of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena.



The huge horseshoe section of the mount which supports the 200-inch telescope at the Mount Palomar Observatory. The telescope cage where astronomers will sit while making their observations, is shown in the upper center. The photograph was made while the shutters on the outside of the dome were open. The shell of the rotating dome is of 3/8-inch curved steel plates butt-welded over a relatively light steel rib framework which supports insulating panels—USIS PHOTOS.

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